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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Pulitzer Awards

THE awards this year of the Pulitzer prizes in creative literature have not aroused enthusiasm. When prizes which convey so much prestige are awarded annually, some dissent is to be expected always, and yet the decisions of the committees have usually run close to the best general opinion of critics competent to judge. This year is different. In fiction the prize has been given to "Years of Grace," a novel deserving of its rank as a best seller, worth writing and worth reading, but certainly not distinguished by literary art, nor outstanding in any of those qualities of originality, beauty, profundity, humor, or penetration which call for the brevet of an award supposed to be given for high excellence, not for popular success. Susan Glaspell's "Alison's House," which received the dramatic award, is also not to be compared as drama with most of the plays commended in the past. It is neither good theatre, nor distinguished literature, and its transcript of the life and influence of Emily Dickinson skirts the story of a burning soul without once reaching its heart. As for the Collected Poems of Robert Frost, which received the award in poetry, no one begrudges Frost an award for he always deserves it, yet it is highly questionable whether the same poems should twice receive the same prize, as is presumably the case in this collected edition of a former Pulitzer prize winner.

As one looks back over the history of the Pulitzer prizes in creative literature, the mistakes which time has confirmed as such seem due to two causes. Either the committees have been wrong or overruled when they were right, as was certainly the case in the notable instance of "Main Street," or they have made weak choices because there were no strong candidates that year among novels, plays, or poems, so that they were forced to choose between some new talent unsupported by past performance and experimental in nature, and acceptable mediocrity which was undistinguished but apparently safe. The collected edition of the Pulitzer works would show that on such occasions they have more than once preferred to choose the hopelessly second rate rather than to speculate in futures.

* * *

New masterpieces are not going to be hatched every year in the literary nests, as 1930 was not the first to prove, and annual awards taking cognizance only of what has happened in the last twelve months will be no better than the material presented to the judges. Also, the difficulty of judging in such a short perspective of time is bound to make a fortunate agreement more difficult. But why must the Pulitzer committees consider only a given work in its year of production? Why could not these prizes be awarded for the total production of a poet, or playwright, or novelist, why could they not be given to a writer, rather than to a book, and for a recognition of his literary and artistic reputation as it stands in the year of award? This would mean that Robert Frost would have received the Pulitzer prize when his achievement (of years or of a year) had made him indubitably worthy of it (all other rivals considered), and that having once been elevated to the Pulitzer rank, he would not again be a candidate. It would mean that if no more distinguished novel than "Years of Grace" was published in a given twelve months, the prize for fiction would go to a more distinguished novelist, who had not been chosen before, and whose total work, viewed for its importance from the standpoint of 1932 or 1933, seemed worthy of such a stamp of approval. Such a procedure, whereby the man rather than the specific book was chosen would, it is true, mean delay in most cases (but not all) for the new writer. Unless his success was outstanding, as with "John Brown's Body," or "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," he would have to wait, as he does now, but he would wait with the certainty of recognition, for if his first or second book was really first rate, the judges of his third and fourth would have had time to find it out, and could give him as much credit for his past as for his present performance. Best of all, there would be no excuse for a comfortable settling upon evident, though successful, mediocrity. Three books worth crowning may be lacking in any given year such as this one, but not three creative artists in literature worthy of being joined to the elect.

Against Time

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE event stands clear of history.
Originality
Is not in ranks of trees, but in this tree;
And every fruit is the first fruit,
Shapely and absolute.

Events are individual as pain.

This day, this trouble-fingering rain,
Has never been.
Beauty comes clean
In the cock's rusty vowels or in
Sky-searching towers that lift
Themselves light as a swift.

Time's a machine
That clocks the outworn, the untrue.
But we have seen
What no clock has recorded; we have seen
Time counted and completed; we have seen
Newness begetting newness, and the old
Refuse to die, take hold,
Assume free shape, deny the habitual mould;
While earth, love, substance grew
As it was made to do.
And the event stood new.

This Week

"Jonathan Gentry."
Reviewed by STANLEY J. KUNITZ.

"Red Bread."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"John Mistletoe."
Reviewed by ABBÉ DIMNET.

"The Life of François Rabelais."
Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK.

"In the Goldfish Bowl."
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The Shiny Night."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"Round about Parnassus."
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Next Week, or Later

"Dawn."
Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK.

English Pronunciation

By R. W. CHAPMAN
Oxford University Press

INTEREST in this subject is widespread and keen. Dr. Vizetelly has recently published in *The Atlantic Monthly* a provocative and well-advertised utterance which will add fuel to the flames. That is all to the good; for fruitful discussion of this theme is much obstructed by ignorance, which controversy will do something to dissipate. I wish I thought myself strong enough to dissipate Dr. Vizetelly's misconception of "standard English," which seems to me profound. He tells us that "the best people of England" (the irony is his) speak a cockney dialect which has spread from Limehouse to Mayfair. How this has come about he does not tell us; nor does his description of this dialect, as "the pronunciation of the common people . . . with a few languid drawls, terminal *aws*, clipped *g's*, and feeble *h's* thrown in for good measure," answer to anything I have heard spoken in Mayfair. But assume for a moment that the inhabitants of Mayfair learned the elements from Limehouse and picked up their extra mannerisms on their travels (dropping their *g's*, perhaps, in the hunting-field); how did this English "acquire the name of the Oxford voice?" *Semper ego auditor tantum?* I have lived in Oxford for some thirty years, and never yet lifted my voice to denounce this superstition.

* * *

How should the "people of Oxford" be so influential as to "debase the coinage of English speech with emasculated voices and exaggerated idiosyncracies?" The *natives* of Oxford, for the most part, speak a South Midland dialect, with a very pronounced *r*, which resembles certain forms of American English at least as closely as it resembles "standard" English. The University of Oxford is a miscellaneous, and increasingly democratic, aggregation of persons. They come from all parts of the country, indeed from all parts of the English-speaking world. They have learned to talk before they come, and their speech has, of course, far less uniformity than the speech of an average community. The faculty (we call them dons) are likewise drawn from all districts and all classes; a good many of them are Scotsmen, speaking good educated Scots. If Oxford—or, for that matter, Cambridge—set out to teach the country how to pronounce, the only possible results would be confusion in the public mind and a lively correspondence in the newspapers. "What *is* the Oxford accent?" would be asked, and the answer would be learned at last, that there is no such thing.

It is perhaps a little hard that Dr. Vizetelly should put us in the pillory for mutilating our language, and should make no mention of the Oxford Dictionary or of the Society for Pure English. Dr. Vizetelly is a lexicographer, and must be aware that the editors of the Dictionary were not bred in Limehouse, nor in Mayfair, nor in Oxford. Sir James Murray was a Scot, Sir William Craigie is a Scot. Dr. Henry Bradley was a Midlander, Dr. Onions is a Midlander. It is well known that the pronunciations recognized by the Dictionary are by no means those of the more careless forms of Southern English. The Society for Pure English is also an Oxford product, and its publications have done more than any agency of our time to promote sound learning, historical and phonetic, about pronunciation, and have given wider opportunities of reasoned speculation. To listen to the resonant and virile speech of Robert Bridges, founder and prop of that society, was a study in enunciation. It was gruff (at least in old age), yet sensitive; precise, yet free from any pedantry. The tracts of the society are full of good sense

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on problems of pronunciation; and they do not make the mistake of supposing that a very difficult subject is an easy one.

The degree of Dr. Vizetelly's familiarity with Oxford may be guessed from his examples. The people of Oxford, he tells us, "believe in cultchah." Now, I do not suppose there is any place in which you are less likely to hear that word, which has long been a kind of joke among educated Englishmen (sometimes, I regret to add, a joke with a glance at Massachusetts). "Instead of saying Oh no," we "say Oo noo, or Aw naw, or even Ow now." This, I submit, is neither good phonetics nor good Billingsgate. It is, of course, admitted that many of the vowel sounds of standard English are technically "impure." They may be none the worse for that; the great range and the subtle variation of its vowel system are thought by some to be the chief beauty of our language. But whatever Dr. Vizetelly thinks we say, when we mean "Oh no," it cannot be laid to the door of Oxford, which pronounces and tolerates every known variety of that vowel.

"Go into any church and listen to the clergyman reading the service or preaching. Few can hear what the man is saying; fewer still can understand him. How very different it is over here!" Well, we all like what we know best. When I land at Southampton, the accents of the porters on the Southern Railway strike sweetly on my ear; and I do not grudge Dr. Vizetelly his pleasure in the speech of the taxi-driver who meets him at the New York docks. But patriotic preferences should not be buttressed by groggy facts. The argument from a liturgy, is not good; can Dr. Vizetelly follow the services in Rome or Paris? His statement that sermons are inaudible to an English congregation is absurd. I have suffered from sermons; but I never found it possible not to hear the preacher, even if I preferred my own thoughts.

* * *

The bias and special pleading which detract from the value of Dr. Vizetelly's observations are strangely at variance with the charity of his exordium. He sets out by declaring that "our accepted standard of correct speech rests on those members of the community who speak the language with accuracy, clearness, elegance, and propriety. They do not all speak in the same way. God be thanked that they could not if they would!" The catholic faith could not be better stated. Uniformity is not to be desired. "To abstract the mind from all local emotion"—wrote Johnson in a different but not dissimilar context—"would be impossible, if it were endeavored, and would be foolish, if it were possible." Not the least of the dangers that beset a democratized and standardized education is the danger that it may flatten local differences into a mechanical sameness. If we were trying, which we are not, to impose "Oxford" English on the world, we should fail, and we should deserve to fail. For standard English, imperfectly learned, with its negligence exaggerated and caricatured, is a very ugly mongrel. But a certain measure of uniformity, in districts and in classes, is not only convenient, it is inevitable. For how otherwise shall we learn the tricks of speech than by imitation of our parents, our teachers, and our associates? Since, therefore, "standard" English, the English which, generally speaking, prevails in the English "professional" classes, is not the least important of the many recognized dialects, it is desirable that its nature should be better understood. Its basis is the speech of Southern England. One of its salient characteristics is that *r* is not trilled (South English *virile* differs from the *virile* of New England, but differs more widely from the *virrile* of Scotland), and that final *r* is not sounded except to avoid *hiatus* with a following vowel. Any divergence from this norm, in an educated speaker, indicates that he is not of Southern origin.

But standard English is now the language of a class far more than it is the language of a region. Phonetically, England is not a democracy, and the speech of London has far less uniformity than has the speech of those, who, whatever their local origin, have had in common a certain kind of education and environment. The typical custodians of this standard are not the universities, but the schools which we call public, that is the boarding schools recruited, for the most part, from our least indigent classes. In these schools, and in similar environments, the plastic youth of Britain insensibly acquires a speech which, though by no means of a drab uniformity, is sufficiently uniform, and sufficiently distinctive, to be at once recognized by those who are familiar with it. We do not expect to hear it, as a matter of course, in any given place where men congregate; when we do hear it, we know it for what it is.

That this English is a model of "accuracy, clearness, elegance, and propriety" not its best friends would maintain. Its most glaring defect, and its greatest peril, is a tendency to slurring and to the confusion of vowels which should be distinct. The peril seemed at one time to be aggravated by the good intentions of phonetic spellers, who threatened to stereotype the negligences of rapid or careless speech, and so to close the path of redemption. I once heard one of these reformers make an amusing confession. Having proved, by strict phonetics, that in rapid speech we say "Hitim on the head," he tried to teach a foreign student to copy this colloquialism; the nearest the pupil could get was "Hit 'im," with a perceptible pause between the words. The truth is that no stereotyped spelling can be truly phonetic. For though we say "Bread 'n' butter" in the intimacy of the breakfast table, we do not say "Alpha 'n' omega" in the solemnity of ritual. But some of the fallacies of phonetic spelling have been exposed, and the danger from these crusaders seems now less menacing.

* * *

The evils to which standard English is exposed are those to which every form of English is exposed. They are illiteracy, carelessness, and coarseness, whether of the intellect or of the emotions. These can be, and are, mitigated by the efforts of preachers, professors, radio announcers, and other pedagogues, who are privileged to hold up to their audiences the standard of a more accurate enunciation than is necessary, or even desirable, for the campus or the fireside. They are better engaged in thus stemming the flood of ignorance and laziness than in throwing stones across the Atlantic. I suspect that the acrimony with which "Oxford" English is sometimes criticized arises from a consciousness that this brand of English possesses qualities not easily imitated. It has, I believe, a clarity of tone that makes it exceptionally pleasant to hear, and a certain elasticity that makes it a subtle instrument of expression, by which the *nuances* of the speaker's mood and intention are readily conveyed. This may be, to some extent certainly is, a matter of habituation. The better we know the speech of a region, a class, or an individual, the more readily and accurately do we interpret its variations. But it is true, I think, that standard English is, in itself, more flexible, and therefore less monotonous and more significant, than the English of agricultural laborers or the English of Australia. It is not, as Dr. Vizetelly may be thought to imply, the debased speech of an effete and languid aristocracy. None the less, if you should wish to hear good specimens—accurate, clear, and elegant—of British English, you may do worse than attend a debate in the House of Lords. Certainly you will go far before you hear an English more musical than the late Lord Balfour's, more polished than the late Lord Oxford's, or more cogent than Mr. Stanley Baldwin's.

* * *

Fascinating as these speculations are, for most of us they are less important, as they are less comprehensible, than the more elementary questions of pronunciation on which Dr. Vizetelly also pronounces. I mean such questions as whether the first half of *patent* shall conform to *pat* or to *pate* (and whether it is reasonable to choose the former, if we model *latent* on *late*); whether *fragile* shall rhyme with *file* or with *fill;* whether *extraordinary* has six syllables or five. On these points there is excessive and vexatious uncertainty. People are not even consistent with themselves; and if you ask a man whether he says *epheemeral* or *ephemeral,* he may be unable to tell you. It is worth while, therefore, to aim at agreement, where agreement is possible—as it is certainly not possible on such a point as the sounding of *r.* But no good is done by a string of dogmatic assertions, which may be countered by denials equally emphatic. It is first necessary to ascertain the relevant facts. This may be done by reference to such works as "The English Language in America," by Professor George P. Krapp of Columbia, published by the Century Company in 1925, or the very handy "Pronunciation, A Practical Guide to American Standards," recently produced by Messrs. Larsen and Walker. (This is an Oxford book, and I ought to confess that one of the authors took an Oxford degree; but as he is also of Toronto, and his collaborator is of Harvard, perhaps their virility may pass muster). Useful, however, as these books are, they are content for the most part to state the problems and leave them unsolved. Little serious attempt has yet been made towards their solution; little, that is, in relation to the magnitude of the task.

But again I would refer to the Tracts of the Society for Pure English, in which some of these questions are debated with full knowledge and without violence of asseveration. Dr. Bridges, for example, in his examination of the recommendations of the British Broadcasting Company's experts, covers the whole ground (for the pronunciations in questions), giving due weight not only to history and analogy but also to convenience (e.g., audibility, and avoidance of homophones), and to euphony. I am not suggesting that we should resign the right of choice to an academy of experts. Neither the Society for Pure English nor any other authority is at all likely to command universal consent. But no progress can be made unless we are willing to shed some of our prejudices, and to pay some heed to informed and temperate discussion.

An American Epic

JONATHAN GENTRY. By MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY J. KUNITZ
Author of "Intellectual Things"

IN our time the epic narrative—poetry's right arm—has been paralyzed not only by the dominance of the omniform and polytechnic novel, but also, directly and indirectly, by the inventions, discoveries, and skepticisms of science. There is much death in that arm. What chiefly remains vital is an elaborate lyric nerve, sensitive and inflamed. The formal epic, requiring both a myth and an audience, is hardly conceivable today, although narrative poems with varying degrees of epic quality continue to be written.

In his long poem, "Jonathan Gentry," Mark Van Doren has not, I feel, either adumbrated the destination of the form or exhausted his own virtues as a poet. A poem of such length requires an impulse extraordinary in kind, in strength, and in persistence. There is no real magnitude, however, in the conception of "Jonathan Gentry." In the end we are left with the rural-domestic tragedy told in the concluding third book or chapter, "Foreclosure." It is a capably managed and occasionally affecting tale, but its outlines are familiar:

A farmer (Jonathan Gentry Fifth) and his childless wife (Laura). The drought. The visitor from the city (Jonathan's brother Joe). The lure of the city. Laura's subterranean love for Joe, the city-man. The flight from the farm. Death of Laura.

These are stock characters acting in a stock situation. I. A. Richards would add that these ingredients are capable of producing only a stock response.

That is not being perfectly just to Mr. Van Doren. He has been more ambitious than a bald synopsis can suggest. His narrative has a certain dimension in time as well as in space. He has attempted, with a sound historical consciousness, in the earlier and briefer chapters of his work ("Ohio River 1800" and "Civil War"), to prepare for the frustration of Jonathan Gentry Fifth, to make it signify the pitiful event of pioneer ideals, the defeat of the whole line of Gentrys,—of the first Jonathan, who sailed on the Ohio River in search of land; and of that other ancestral Jonathan, who fought against the South in company with his brother ("because we love the land we live on") and who returned to the land alone. The attempt, it must be said, does not succeed, partly because of a failure to sustain momentum through the discontinuities of the structure, but chiefly because there is little room for such a theme in the close pattern of the narrative movement. The verse in the end becomes curiously opaque, smothering its meaning within itself.

In "Jonathan Gentry" the gnomic quality of Mark Van Doren's lyric expression is almost wholly eliminated, and the devious psychological explorations, so crisply denoted in his shorter pieces, appear exiguous and pale. The blank verse, varied by uneven rhythms and rhymed stanzas, is efficient, but it has not yet achieved unique character. Somewhere between Mr. Van Doren's use of the Frost colloquial:

> Weather's a game, and the sky uses us—
> Up with the wind and down with the wind, then lying
> Patient upon a corner of the board,
> Waiting to be picked off with a wet finger.
> Weather's a game that we are only played with.

and his more successful use of the Robinson philosophic:

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Nothing is ever finished. Nothing fails
But fails before its time. It's not my time yet.
When that has come I shall have more than failed—
My kind and I then perished altogether.
To cease is not to fail, and may be honorable

he may find his own accent, but I am not convinced that he will develop an heroic style. A charming bit of landscape in the Ohio River chapter pleases me as much as anything in "Jonathan Gentry":

Once, where the river widened,
Suddenly dogs barked; cabins smoked in a clearing,
And children in a low line by the shore
Stretched like a fringe of weeds, and would have hailed them;
But nothing could be heard beyond small cries
And piping little laughter, that the ring
Of axes in the forest and deep bells
Of happy-throated dogs, and idle screams
Of jays and red-birds mingled with and lost.

The lyrics that intersperse the work are sometimes happy echoes of the American folk-song, but their technical function of serving as a sort of popular chorus in the background has so severely limited their depth and range that they are of a distinctly inferior order to the poet's best lyric verse.

I believe that Mr. Van Doren has suppressed too much of his peculiar talent in order to write "Jonathan Gentry." I may, it is true, be a prejudiced witness, having already concluded that the more closely contemporary long poems adhere to the traditional narrative formula the less relevance they are likely to possess for the contemporary mind. The novel—Joyce, Mann, Proust, and Gide should be sufficient evidence—is probably adequate in its mutations for any fiction that our age will conceive. The poet, conceding that he has been superseded as story-teller to the people by the novelist and, even more generally, by the radio, the movies, and the talkies, may of course stop being a poet. On the other hand, he may seek to isolate, in the pure dilemmas of his mind, in the vibrations and intermittences of his heart, a law of personality, an ultra-violet energy of salvation.

The Peasants' Russia

RED BREAD. By MAURICE HINDUS. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. HINDUS'S new book on revolutionary Russia concerns itself almost entirely with the peasants, and in particular with their reactions to forcible "collectivization" and to the type of collective farm nicknamed in Russia "*kolholz.*" It begins with some of the author's 1929 impressions, just before the "Great Break" of January, 1930, when ruthless "dekoolakization" (confiscation of the property and exiling of the "koolaks," or comparatively prosperous individualistic peasants) began; and resumes the story in the summer of 1930 when the Stalin government had moderated its forcible measures somewhat and the "*kolhoz*" was a comparatively going concern.

The whole book is written in lively, reportorial style; sticks to its moment of time and its subject-matter, without attempting to be dogmatic or definitive; and in contrast with one or two of the professorial disquisitions recently published, is refreshingly alive and concrete. Here we have the mud and the rank smell of *mahorka;* sour cream, flies, and greasy sheep-skin coats; the perfume of waving rye and buckwheat, the reek of unventilated *muzhik* huts and peasant whining and clamour—in short, the real rural Russia.

Briefly, Mr. Hindus finds that some sort of collective farming was forced on the Soviet Government. The breakup of the land into innumerable small parcels, most of them inefficiently run—between 1917 and 1927, the number of individual farms had risen, he says, from seventeen to twenty-seven million—plus the financial demands of the Five Year Plan, and various other causes, made some more productive arrangements compulsory. In addition to which, of course, Communist theory demanded it as soon as it seemed expedient for Moscow to act.

The *koolaks,* as those who would most stubbornly resist collective farming, were crushed, whatever their innocence and individual merits, and some million families were either stripped bare or driven into exile altogether. All sorts of suffering and hideous injustice accompanied this wholesale expropriation, and many of the poorer peasants still complain of the loss of their freedom. But Mr. Hindus concludes that "the overpowering merit of the *kolhoz* is its superiority to Russian individual agriculture as a method of production. With one stroke it wipes out the stupendous wastes inherent in peasant farming"—and he implies that it has come to stay, at least in the relative sense in which one may regard as permanent any step in the course of a revolution the pace of which is so swift and the turnings so unpredictable.

So much for the gist of Mr. Hindus's findings. The mass of his readers, like most of the ladies who have listened to his talks before women's clubs, will go no further than that, nor need to. They will find his book exceedingly interesting and informing.

A certain fictionizing of things seen and heard is inherent in the method used in "Red Bread," in which the discussion of this or that phase of the matter in hand is put into pages of direct dialogue, plainly not taken down stenographically, and in the nature of things more or less touched up and dramatized. The result may or may not have artistic truth, depending on the passage chosen, but it isn't, at any rate, as the quotation marks would imply, a literal report. There are, also, occasional examples of curious inlay-work, which need not necessarily have been premeditated, in which, into the middle of this or that character's words, are slipped, in the demurest fashion, things that that particular speaker would never have said.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
From a bust by Joe Davidson

This may be due merely to the carelessness of a writer who has made such a business of the Revolution, what with books, lectures, tourist parties, and so on, who has the whole controversial jargon of the subject so at his fingers' ends that inadvertently, now and then, he drops a remark where it doesn't belong. Or it might result from his own inner conflicts as an Americanized Russian. As an immigrant who has got on, written books, given lectures, who quite naturally dedicates his book to his friend, Dr. Glenn Frank, Mr. Hindus approaches Communism, as such, from the outside and slightly deprecating "American" viewpoint. To this extent, he is "bourzhooy," as the Russians say.

At the same time, the "Russia" of the little Jewish village he left behind as a boy was a very different thing from what might be called the significant Russia known to most of the outside world and to the adult Russians of the upper-class or of the intelligentsia who were swept away by the Revolution. And his American standoffishness toward Communism, as such, occasionally clashes, one fancies, with a certain atavistic standoffishness toward the old "bourgeoisie," which goes back to that muddy little village from which Petersburg and Moscow were, in every sense of the word, so remote. Mr. Hindus sometimes gives the impression of never having lived, emotionally, into the significant life of that vanished Russia even to the extent that many foreigners have done. Most of his remarks on the Russian Church, and on religion, for example, here and in "Humanity Uprooted," seem almost as detached as might the comments of some American tourist on Buddhism or Islam. Whatever its cause, there is frequently a curious pointing of the evidence in Mr. Hindus's always interesting and, on its surface, admirably objective, reporting, which must be taken into account by those who read books on contemporary Russia for anything more than passing entertainment.

What Goes On in the Mind

JOHN MISTLETOE. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ABBÉ DIMNET
Author of "The Art of Thinking"

She lifted her exquisite hand in the queerest little shudder of delight and dismay. "But this," she said, "is horrid, cultivated stuff."

Presently she looked up again. "I was wrong, I apologize."

THIS is one of the three epigraphs which Mr. Morley has prefixed to his book, the most striking, the most charming, and the most cunning. For you are not simple enough to think that it has been placed there merely for the enjoyment of the reader. It is there as a liminary admonishment to reviewers. And what reviewers? Not bad ones who will not count, but reviewers who know how to think and write, reviewers who are university graduates, experts who have learned how to "weigh a man's soul," as Maurois says, and can give you the exact weight in a few well-written paragraphs. Only carefully weighed and scrutinized in their turn these paragraphs will be found to be "platitudes stroked until they purr like epigrams." That is the kind of stuff against which Mr. Morley is trying to protect himself.

But I doubt if even the most experienced cliché writers can fall into their horrid cultivated manner while handling "John Mistletoe." Some books convert a man at the first contact. Here are John Mistletoe's memoirs written—which is a piece of imprudence—before John Mistletoe is quite forty and when he has twenty more books to write. But these memoirs all the time undergo a subtle process which transmutes their parts into essays. So there is no chance for cultivated stuff to cope with that kind of magic. What can paragraphs do for or against a book which is nothing if it is not leisurely, discursive, even rambling in appearance? Say it is disconnected. But it is not disconnected. All the time the personality of the man who writes it makes itself felt and gives the chapters unity. There are no transitions if you like, but with each new subject you feel that the author is returning upon you with fresh vigor procured you don't know how. If the book were disconnected you could skip some of it, as usual. But you cannot skip anything in "John Mistletoe." You have to read every line, to take in every allusion, to enjoy every metaphor, because the author is near you all the time and you do not wish him to be elsewhere. You not only have to read that book wholly, you have to read it slowly. This accounts for its restful quality.

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So, slowly, leisurely, and delightfully you are taken through John Mistletoe's first forty years, at Haverford where John was a boy and student, at Oxford and Paris where he was a Rhodes scholar with the whole of life before him and the conviction that "there was an answer to every question," in the publishing or *boblishing* house of Doubleday, Page which, in the perspective of the past, appears as the most paradisiacal office, in Grub streets of various haloes down town, in West Forty-fifth of course, and finally back to Europe in the chastened, if happy, mood of the man who once was poor there.

Gradually you see the lineaments of John Mistletoe Morley's face taking shape in your imagination. You follow his education, you are apprized of the books he has read—a superfluous thing, for the list is legible in his style,—also of the books he would not read. He tells you that he has remained "scrupulously ignorant" and has always been "canny about what not to learn," and you note that here is a fine plan for an education. Later he will tell you that he knows how to make "subtle choices of omission," and here's the art of writing complete in four words. We are in the company of a man who loves, really loves, good writing and could not live away from literature.

He loves his trade too, the office, the MSS., the books just out, than which no more beautiful books can be produced. He gets up at unearthly hours and by seven o'clock is rousing his chief to force an undoubted MS. upon him. Nobody is more loyal to Grubstreets, their principles, or their so-called lack of principles (you will read a capital story of a famous lady-writer and three speakeasies, also of a writer on the *Times* who actually owned a pre-war saloon). He quotes a letter of Steve O'Grady, drunk, pious, and kindly, which you will not be able to finish without blowing your nose. Nobody who

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has not enjoyed Kent, the forest of Fontainebleau, or the Latin Quarter as he has, can feel, as he does, the multitudinous attraction of the places where writers convene—to work or recreate—in New York or Philadelphia. And how unforgettably he gives you vignettes of Belloc and Chesterton as the real "breed of Fleet Street!" For few men have such a sense of the human silhouette.

Few men too, without any apparent effect, can trace and retrace what goes on in the human mind, know what it is to be "somewhere near what one wants to think," glad of "time to think, but not so much time that you know you are thinking." Mr. Morley at the time the *Saturday Review of Literature* was founded wrote to the editor that he wanted this new Review to show "all the vices and virtues of civilization: its nostalgia for the old simplicity, its generous toleration, its troubled and self-scrutinizing doubt, its divinely useless mirth, its high intellectual boiling-point, its cheerful disregard of things not really worth discussing among tenderly disillusioned philosophers." A pretty good reading of the modern mind, at all events in Grub Street or West Forty-fifth Street. Such glimpses abound in "John Mistletoe."

It is superfluous to point out with envy that Mr. Morley must have an infallible memory, but it is not superflous to record also, with great approval, that he keeps notebooks. All through his book you see him anxious to keep as near as possible to his old self which is one of the approved ways to be one's self. His command of the English language, in all its range and in its very nooks and crannies, strikes the reader at once. He makes no secret of the methods by which he has acquired it, for this lover of Montaigne makes no secrets of anything. He tells you about style little things which other writers carefully keep to themselves. His appreciation of a double adverb in one place, has touched a soft spot in my heart. He is old-fashioned, after all, not afraid of adjectives, like so many modern cowards, and he is averse to all tricks. But quite often, his words will mirror reality in a way which you cannot forget. There is a passage somewhere in which he speaks of sentences ending with a preposition. "So perhaps does life" he adds, more effectively than many an aspiring Bossuet. I remember another in which the poet's mind is compared to the wires which an excess of electricity suddenly makes luminous. But you will have to look for it. It has not been *monté en épingle*.

Any faults? Well, you may be cold to a few reminiscences of a childhood which is not your childhood. And, once or twice, you will be aware of the humorist's inevitable lapse: adding another sentence where the smile is already complete. Only once or twice. The author of "John Mistletoe" undoubtedly is a writer.

Many people will think that it must be pretty easy after all to write like that: talk about yourself all the time and no effort to say anything. Quite so. But many other people who have tried have been bores, sometimes slovenly bores. Better try one's hand at "horrid cultivated stuff."

One of the Immortals

THE LIFE OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. By JEAN PLATTARD. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $6.

Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK

ONE sometimes wonders why, in our studies of French literature, especially as pursued in our institutions of the higher learning, we should do so little with the literature of the sixteenth century. There are great names on the roster of the *Grand Siècle*, and one would not see them slighted; the three chief dramatists, Pascal, St. Simon, Boileu, Retz, Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine—the list is long and impressive. Important tendencies in public affairs were initiated by the reign of Louis XIV, and they are well worth study in the light of their outcome; the policies of Colbert, the policies vainly urged by Vauban, the policies expressed in the repeal of the edict of Nantes, are all extremely suggestive and profitable for thoughtful Americans to consider in the present state of public affairs. Nevertheless it must be remarked that the *Grand Siècle* had practically no points of actual correspondence with our own, while the sixteenth century had more such points than any other period, probably, in human history. It was an age full of the spirit of discovery and invention; so is ours. It was an age of great concentration and centralization; an age of ruthless imperialism and exploitation, when avarice became a general mania; an age characterized by the predominance of a bourgeois civilization. Indeed, the first half of the sixteenth century in France, precisely like the first half of the twentieth century here, witnessed the eclipse of the manufacturing and merchandizing bourgeois whom the policies of Louis XI had brought so far to the fore, by another type of bourgeois, the monopolist, concessionaire, lawyer, banker, shaver, speculator. In these primary respects, and many others, the civilization of the sixteenth century bore an extraordinarily close resemblance to our own. All this is reflected in the literature of the period; and hence in studying that literature one is really studying the history of one's own time. If literature and history were regarded as two phases or complementary modes of a single study, as they should be, rather than as two distinct and formally separate pursuits, there could be no better intellectual preparation for a working knowledge of our own life and times than one might get by a view of the history of the sixteenth century in France, through the medium of its literature.

Preëminent in that literature stand the writings of François Rabelais; they stand with those of Dante, Cervantes, and Shakespeare, according to the judgment of Coleridge, as the greatest achievement of creative genius in literature produced in the whole Christian era. Up to the present time, one may say that Rabelais was known to the world only by his works. Almost as little else was known of him as we know of Shakespeare. No biography of him could be written, hardly any competent biographical material was known to exist; Michelet despaired of the chance of enough ever being found to piece out any authentic account of him, even the most meagre. But about thirty years ago an association of scholars was formed in Paris for the purpose of running down all the material that could be found in the records of the period, and assembling it; a tremendous undertaking, and faithfully carried out—no praise is too great for the devotion that has been displayed in it, or for the profound and accurate scholarship that has been consecrated to it.

* * *

Among these scholars was M. Jean Plattard, professor in the Faculty of Literature at Poitiers; he became latterly the moving spirit, *primus inter pares*, in the association, and is now, in general, probably the first authority on the subject. He has put together all the biographical material that is known, both old and new, and late in 1929 produced the first biography of Rabelais that can make a good claim to authenticity. This was published in a sumptuous volume by van Oest, of Brussels and Paris, and now appears in an excellent translation for the English and American market, through the commendable enterprise of Mr. Knopf.

This work has an indisputable claim to the whole academic field; no other can stand beside it. It has also as exclusive a claim to the undivided attention of the serious or purposeful reader outside the academic field; the reader, that is, who already knows enough about Rabelais and his period to make him wish to know more, and to make him willing to take a reasonable amount of trouble about satisfying his wish. The book is biographical and historical; it does not pretend to be anything in the way of a literary introduction to Rabelais's work, though it gives briefly the run of their content and discusses various critical questions to which they give rise. As a literary introduction, the reader can be referred only to untranslated volumes, notably that published by M. Plattard himself in 1910, and another, "Marot et Rabelais," by M. Pierre Villey, professor in the University of Caen; and one may also mention the most charming, though brief and unpretentious essay entitled "Rabelais," by M. René Millet.

The reader who has no particularly serious purpose and no knowledge of Rabelais or his centenary, will find M. Plattard's book somewhat austere and difficult, and perhaps may not be too urgently exhorted to invest in it; yet, on the other hand, if one wants a biography of Rabelais, one wants it sound and complete, and this is the only full-length, authentic, scholar's biography in our language—it is Hobson's choice. One must remember, however, that this book was written for French readers, who, naturally, know their native writers and national history much better than we know them. Hence the author is quite justified in dusting throughout it references to persons and circumstances in a way perfectly satisfactory to the readers for whom it was intended, but difficult for those of another nation and tongue; his native readers would have been most impatient if he had done otherwise—his work would obviously have been "written down" far below their cultural level—and native reviewers would have blistered him for an unbearable pedantry.

One class of readers—the typical American amateur of Rabelais, I regret to say—may be earnestly counselled to let this book alone. These are they who, after their kind, appear to hold much the same view of Rabelais as a literary figure that is held by the United States Government. Nothing seems to arouse their resentment more than a suggestion that Rabelais may now and then have been possessed of a decent instinct, and that he was ever capable of behaving more or less like a gentleman. The two traditions that historical research has effectively disposed of are those of Rabelais as a red-hot revolutionary propagandist, and of Rabelais as an atheistical pariah, a dirty loafer, a low-lived drunken buffoon. What emerges from M. Plattard's pages is the figure of an immensely able, highly cultivated and experienced man of the world, a scholar comparable only with Erasmus, thoroughly at home in the best society of the Renaissance and eagerly sought out by it, one of the best physicians in Europe, one who held highly responsible positions and acquitted himself in them in a praiseworthy way; and one whose view of the human race was invariably detached, kindly, tolerant and humorous. This is M. Plattard's view of him simply because it is history's view of him, American predilection to the contrary notwithstanding. One wishes that the authorities of the Treasury Department and the Post Office might be induced to spell their way through M. Plattard's book. Possibly by some miracle we might be relieved of the national disgrace by which the works of Rabelais are officially rated as unfit to be read.

The documentation of M. Plattard's book serves the secondary purpose of being a pretty good guide to a general study of the period. On this account the book is greatly to be recommended, because, as I have just said, that period is so much like our own. As far as public affairs go, if we knew that period, we would never need to read any newspapers; we should know already everything they have to tell us, as well as a great deal that they never tell. Our professors of French literature, perusing this book and dipping into its documentation, might decide that the story of the sixteenth century in France is a "live topic" in its extreme modernity—I understand that professors nowadays are highly partial to live topics—and that its liveliness and modernity are sufficiently reflected in the period's literature to make that literature worth a great deal of attention. Thus presently we might have not only Rabelais but Marot, Bonaventure des Périere, Budé, du Faïl, Jean Bouchet, Jean Lemaire de Belges and his associates, and many others, officially cited as interpreters of our own age. Better interpreters could hardly be found; and one great merit of M. Plattard's work is that it puts us on the way to find them.

"Arnold Bennett," says Allan Markham, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, "might be cited as an instance of the advantage of being born out of London. This enabled him to conquer it rather than to assimilate it. The Five Towns gave him a wonderful starting-point, and he had the wit to take advantage of it. He set off, as Shakespeare did, on a great adventure, but London swallowed Shakespeare, who could only produce the English Midlands in a few occasional touches. It would be too much to say that Bennett swallowed London, but he did compel it to take him on his own terms. He became a Londoner, or, rather, a citizen of the world. And he made it clear that the Five Towns belong to the great world, that they are as good as anywhere else, if not a little better. He must have been hailed there as a deliverer, an exponent, a shining example."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

In the Goldfish Bowl

THERE'S a quiet basement room on Murray Hill that has something of the shadowy glimmer of an aquarium. The walls are green, stenciled with yellow tropical fish. As you sit at the corner table you hear the big iron-grilled front door opening to admit customers; you see them pause a moment in the hall, to chat with Adolph and leave their hats with Mary; then the long silvery ribbon of the modernist steel hand-rail seems to draw them upstairs to the bar. The aquarium, or Goldfish Bowl, as Quercus always calls that green recuperative chamber, feels rather like being in a book by Will Beebe.

Many bright and flexible human fish have swum into that cool backwater on warm afternoons. It is pleasant, sitting at the corner table, to see the feet of passers-by moving along the pavement outside. As it is in the heart of the Publishers' Jungle, that quiet drinking-place has been the scene of many literary conferences. There Nobel Prize-winners have collogued with Grub-Street runners; there anxious publishers have repaired for a late-afternoon pick-them-up when the grade-A publicity about their visiting British novelist seemed to be going bulgarzoon; there a brilliant young novelist, learning that his Editor was eating upstairs, fell to with excellent thirst and appetite, mischievously sending up a long series of *additions* to be settled by the Editor who could not, surrounded by important clients, make any gesture of denial. There, as everywhere frequented by the secret and humorous currents of literature, the old Bohemian principle holds true: that there is no reason why anyone should starve while there are so many publishers about. I don't suppose there is any other business in the world that gives away so many free meals.

* * *

In that corner I came upon my old bookseller-friend Quercus, whom I had not seen since he went off on one of the arduous Quercus-Henry surveys to study the morale of the Trade in the middle-West. I was specially glad to meet him, for the annual Booksellers' Convention was about to take place, and I wondered if he might have any Message to impart. It seemed to me that he was looking unusually well and cheerful, wearing a tweed suit of emphatic plotting-paper check. I remarked that he looked rather like Eddie Newton, the famous collector. "The resemblance is merely superficial," he replied. "Collections are terrible. These Rogers Peets are the only kind of checks I've been getting. Sit down and have something. As the middle-Western hotels reply when you ring for Room Service, Do you want Food or Beverage?"

Beverage, I said.

Anything in the nature of a set interview always alarms Quercus into silence or cynicism, so I was wary about questioning him too overtly. But I gradually elicited some of the things that had impressed him.

"With my publisher S. M., the ideal Traveling Companion," he said, "the Survey started from this corner table on a fine spring afternoon. We had forgotten two things essential to the success of a Literary Excursion. I had forgotten a corkscrew, and S. M. had forgotten his bicarbonate of soda; the latter is very essential to him, for (as one would expect of a publisher of compunction) he is often overtaken with heart burnings and afflatus about midnight. However, another publisher who was lunching there lent us his corkscrew, and the always resourceful Twentieth Century Limited had some bicarb. But the first official entry in the agenda was receiving a telegram from a bookseller, sent Collect. This the publisher regarded as symbolic."

* * *

"In drawing-room B of the car *Glen Spruce*," continued Mr. Quercus, "my friend and I sat very late discussing schemes and notions for the health of the book business. I kept remembering something I had heard a small girl of 8 say a few days before. She and a young friend were found squatting happily inside a coil of chicken wire that had been thrown out in the woods. "We're two pioneers in a cage," she explained cheerfully. So did the two Surveyors think of themselves as they lurked pensively in Drawing Room B. If you ask what I remember offhand, and I have to be brief, I must speak of the moving advertising-cards in Chicago taxicabs, and the thrilling bird-whistles of the Chicago police with their cuckooing change of note—making the noble eyries of Michigan Avenue sound like a huge aviary. A lyric voice indeed. Did you know that they have on the new Palmolive Building a terrific beacon, blazing 2 billion and some million candle-power? How far it throws its beams; they told me it was equivalent to two square inches of the sun's surface; I don't quite know what that means, but it pleased me. I liked also the garages they call Greasing Palaces, and the University of Chicago in a spring twilight, and a copy of the first edition of *Moby Dick* at the Walden Book Shop, offered for $950. The speakeasies in Chicago are much more sinister-looking than these upholstered hideaways of the 40's; they have bullet-proof doors and humorously misleading names such as (I change the name for discretion's sake) The Overproduction Advertising Agency. In the big Union Terminal in Chicago, Fred Harvey's charming book-room is a romantic place for rendezvous; I wondered whether many book-loving travelers might not miss their trains by loitering there. Yes, we lunched at the Blackstone with Marcella Hahner and Howard Vincent O'Brien, in the famous corner where we first met Keith Preston some years ago; and we took the Pioneer Limited to Minneapolis. What a train! Let no effete New Yorker speak too glibly of our eastern limiteds until he has seen that long yellow caravan of comfort, its peaceful orderly progress and its wonderful $1.50 dinner catered by George Rector. From the window of the car *Oconomowoc*, next morning, I had my first glimpse of the Mississippi. To a very black and good-natured porter I remarked that the train was exceptionally quiet. He said, "yes sir, it's the roller bearings; but business is very quiet too."

* * *

"Maybe I'll come back to some details of the Survey presently; at the moment I'm thinking that perhaps there are certain opportunities offered to the Book Trade by a period of quietness. I found booksellers generally feeling that there's been too much catchpenny racketeering in publishing; in a time of discouragement perhaps people will fall back on Prepared Positions—that is, on some of the great books that have been tested and that are sure fortress. I've seen quite a number of publishers dropping in here lately, in vacant or in pensive mood, to make vigil with an Old-fashioned cocktail. There are Old-fashioned cocktails in literature too, and they don't contain any headache. I think a really imaginative bookseller could do something, nowadays, in the way of cajoling people to read some of the noble and thrilling things they've always meant to have a look at. *Boners* and Marie Stopes and the Nudists are all right in their innocent way, but also I'm strong for people using this period of depression for catching up with some of the big thrills. Myself, I'm going to re-read some of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida;* the lovely tenderness of the love-scenes in the 3rd book, you remember? And Conrad's *Lord Jim*, and some Thackeray, Santayana, Hazlitt, Gissing, and Wordsworth. When people are a little bit scared or puzzled or blue, what a chance literature has! I don't mean just books; I mean Literature. I see the Oxford Press has brought out a new two volume edition of Keats's Letters. Yes, they cost $14, but myself I believe just one sonnet of Keats's would be worth at least a dollar a line. Keats's Letters! Gosh, man, did you ever read them? "I am certain I have not a right feeling towards Women—at this moment I am striving to be just to them but I cannot—when I was a Schoolboy I thought a fair Woman a pure Goddess, my mind was a soft nest in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not." It *is* an extraordinary thing, now isn't it, there are all those amazing books published by the Oxford Press and people who are perishing for books like that don't even know they exist.

Jocunda, by the way, says she has put in several very good evenings rereading Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. I myself had a good time with *Green Hell;* a book that is not unworthy of the shelf where you keep Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*. But make your own choice. I think if we can send some of our customers hunting around among the enduring books of the past, these doldrums will have done us good. You can't fool people permanently. In skimping times they want to concentrate on things they know by instinct are genuine. The great books of the past are humanity's last line of defence—the deep dugout against the invasion of despair."

It was a pity—old Quercus was just beginning to warm into eloquence, but he must have seen me trying painfully to fix his remarks in memory as possible copy. Or perhaps it was that girl at an adjoining table who was wearing a yellow blouse and drinking cognac. She and her friends had been keeping an ear cocked in our direction, and had seemed to evince a willingness to be included in the conversation. "I wonder what would be a good book to read?" I overheard her say. Anyhow old Quercus became suddenly shy, and said he was going home to read Chaucer. "By the way," he cried, as Mary handed him his hat, "what do the papers mean by saying Yale has dropped Latin? We are none of us in a position to drop Latin. It's Latin that drops us."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An English Eclogue

THE SHINY NIGHT. By BEATRICE TUNSTALL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IT is a strange commentary upon English country life that the essentials of it are best found nowadays in the somewhat Jonsonian "humours" of Mr. T. F. Powys. The fashionable English romance, obscurely founded in the novel of Thomas Hardy, is making great play with country manners and morals, but has a habit of confusing fact with reality and fancy with imagination—a romantic fallacy if you please and not to be found in Hardy of yesterday or Powys of today. There is some such confusion in Miss Tunstall's work: its virtues are singularly its own, but its vices are fashionable vices, flattering an idle habit of reading and indulging what looks very like an idle habit of writing.

If we begin with the virtues we shall find them all enclosed in the central theme—the story of Seth Shone, a yeoman of nineteenth century Cheshire. Having killed a gamekeeper in self-defense, he is condemned to transportation, and returns after eight years with the single idea of revenging himself upon his enemies. He sets about it in the old Cheshire way, making stone images of the Squire, the Squire's head gamekeeper, the judge who condemned and the cousin who supplanted him, cursing them, and setting them up on his house. In the sixty years that follow he prospers exceedingly, wins back his inheritance for his wife and children, and sees the curse fall upon his enemies who come one by one to a violent end before his face.

There can be no question at all that this central story is a very distinguished and very truthful piece of work, neither over-dramatized nor affected nor sentimental, conceiving in the great love and great hatred of Seth Shone something of the harsh and inexplicable fruitfulness of a life lived close to the soil. But the circumstance of the novel—an imposing procession of characters, generations, and customs—is in no such case because too much of it is purely decorative. It is rather like a charity pageant where the costumes are exactly in period but where anybody and everybody is pressed into wearing them. Miss Tunstall is inclined to introduce her Cheshire characters and customs with the air of one who quotes Greek at the dinner table, and the whole arrangement of them is somewhat modish and familiar. Like others who set the fashion before her, she tries to do too much and to do it too easily, starts out to write an epic of her people, and achieves an overstuffed eclogue.

Let me hasten to add that the whole effect is a very pleasant one, and that "pleasant" is not the proper adjective for Miss Tunstall as a writer. She deserves a better word. At her worst she is skilful, at her best singular; and it is this singularity which makes the inadequacies of her book so apparent. In art as in ethics you cannot serve God and Mammon. If Miss Tunstall ceases to write what is expected and concentrates upon the greater difficulty of what she expects of herself, there is a place, I believe, all ready for her in contemporary English letters.

The American Tagore association, of which Mr. William H. Woodin, of 30 Church St., New York, is president, has been formed for the purpose of extending coöperation to Dr. Tagore in his educational work. The poet and educator was seventy years old on May 8th, and has composed a "birthday message" to America which the association is distributing.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE reviewer or poetry who has himself written verse, is inevitably subject to various accusations. Because of his own practice in the craft, he can probably claim as personal friends or acquaintances most of the principal American poets. And any reviewer who knows by sight any extant writer will always immediately be accused of log-rolling. That one expects. That one has got pretty well used to. But the opposite side of the shield seems to be that one will also be accused of envy, of the desire to cry down one's contemporaries in order to elevate one's own ego. Such an accusation was very prettily presented, recently, to the editor of this periodical. It was added that this department spent too much time reviewing books of verse of no importance and breaking butterflies upon the wheel. We enter no defence. We know our own intentions. We strive to say exactly what we really think. As for the butterflies, there are two sides to that question also. Every month sees literally dozens of small books of verse come shivering forth into a heartless world. Our endeavor has been to conduct a department where even these volumes would be given a reading, and the beginning poet, no less than the veteran, accorded at least a few lines of comment. Naturally such comment would be critical as well as laudatory; in fact, by the very nature of the case, *more* critical than laudatory. But it seemed to us that the beginning poet might prefer this to having no notice paid to him at all. And, at that, our indirect correspondent has no idea how many small books of verse we are forced to cast aside without notice.

As to envious carping, we ourself should have said, in an endeavor to view our commentary with detachment, that its main fault was that it was not drastic enough rather than that it was too drastic. We are not consciously envious of the work of any poet alive, save in the sense that every appreciator of literature must wish at times that he had had the wit and genius to express himself as have others in certain great poems. But such a wish is bound up with admiration and gratitude. For better or for worse we have wedded our own work, and we like it. And while we can toss our cap with the crowd at the appearance of really first-class stuff, we remain content in our own humble station. Not content with what we have written, but "the race takes up one's life, that's all." Meanwhile, how should we possibly grudge others their genius?

In the case of minor work it is doubtful, on the whole, if much can be effectively said. But one must now and again chance it. And occasionally, we admit, impatience is bred by too full a tide of mediocrity. Our idea is certainly not to jeer from the sidelines at certain quite natural ineptitudes of the neophyte; but we have thought occasionally that a word in time—

We have done a little pondering of our own, recently, upon our work in this department, which does not satisfy us; but our indirect correspondent will doubtless be desolated to learn that we have come to the conclusion that what we need is a little more *severity*. We may not be right in our ideas concerning poetry, but so long as they *are* our ideas we might apply them a little more unsparingly to the books before us. Then, at least, the reader will have the advantage of encountering one definite point of view. There are many points of view. He can go elsewhere for the others.

William Edwin Rudge has made a distinguished looking book of *The Twelve*, a poem that Alexander Blok wrote at Petrograd in January, 1918, and which Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky translated from the Russian and published in *The Freeman* in 1920. It is included also in the translators' *Russian Poetry, an Anthology*. (International Publishers, 1927).

The Twelve is illustrated in the Rudge edition with lithographs by George Biddle, whose modernistic work is well-known. The edition is small, of six hundred and fifty copies. Five hundred and fifty of these have the ten lithographs reproduced by aquatone and are priced at six dollars. One hundred copies are numbered and have as illustrations the original lithographs, the frontispiece being signed by the artist. This edition is bound in red boards with a leather back and inclosed in a slip case. It sells for twenty-five dollars.

The Twelve first appeared in a Petrograd daily, two months after the beginning of the revolution that installed the Soviets. It has been much translated. Say the translators of the poet, "When the revolution came, it presented itself to him as a Last Judgment, the awful prelude to the creation of a new heaven and a new earth. It was in this mood that he wrote *The Twelve*, and also a shorter piece of great power and plain political import, *The Scythians*."

The Twelve of the poem are twelve Red guards on a bitter night in Red Russia. The technical characteristics of the poem are somewhat alien to English verse, but the translators appear to have done a good rendering The atmosphere of the poem and its idiom seem to be preserved in English. Still we cannot but feel that the poem's greatest importance is as an historical document, not as a work of art. To some the vision of Christ, at the end, will seem out of place; but it appears to us to be part of the paradox of the Russian soul.

Down at Christodora House on Avenue B one of our leading women poets, Anna Hempstead Branch, who years ago wrote the splendid epic of *Nimrod*, organizes many poetry gatherings and sponsors *The Unbound Anthology*, a collection of loose-leaf poems chosen by various organizations and sold to raise funds for certain poetry exercises at the settlement. The latest development of the Unbound Anthology is the *International Unbound Anthology, Consuls' Series*. For the Poets' Guild, the foreign representatives in New York City of various countries, chose poems from among the best poetic work of their country. Each country is represented by a leaflet of one poem, the whole number of poems being inclosed in a blue cardboard case. The list of countries represented begins with Albania and ends with Yugoslavia. All poems are presented in English translation. Among interesting work, Austria is represented, for instance, by Franz Grillparzer's lines on the art of music, translated centuries ago by Sir Walter Scott; Belgium brings a poem by Emile Cammaerts; China's poem is by Li Po, dating back to the eighth century; Egypt's contribution is from *The Book of the Dead*, the translation being made by Robert Hillyer; for Germany, Leonora Speyer has translated Richard Dehmel's "The Harp"; Great Britain has Francis Thompson's exquisite "Envoy"; Greece, a Gilbert Murray translation of a chorus from the *Hippolytus* of Euripides; Ireland a translation of Raftery by Douglas Hyde; Italy Shelley's translation of a sonnet of Dante's; New Zealand, "The Secret," by Katherine Mansfield. Mention of these few will give an indication of the quality of the work represented; and the work that Miss Branch is doing with the Poets' Guild at Christodora House, in spreading an interest in poetry among the young people, is decidedly worth supporting. The poems were presented recently on an evening occasion which brought together a number of well-known poets in New York.

Just what descendant of the great Wordsworth is Elizabeth Wordsworth, whose *Poems and Plays* come to us from the Oxford University Press, we do not know. Inasmuch as some of the poems are dated as far back as 1870—and, indeed, one to Robert Hugh Benson who, before his death, became a Monseigneur of the Catholic Church, is addressed to him at the age of eighteen months!—we gather that the present poet Wordsworth is more or less a belated Victorian. As we examine her method of writing poetry we perceive most of the glaring poetic faults of the early nineteenth century, even before the days of Queen Victoria; though a certain almost unbelievable rhyme, penned in the early 'eighties, is characteristic of the worst of its period:

How you are laughing, baby,
With eyes still glistening wet,
As the golden sparks fly upward,
My fretful little pet!

We think it a pity that the Oxford University imprint should be upon such verse; though this is practically nadir for the poetess, and many of her measures are better. At her best, however, she seems to climb to the stature merely of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with her apothegm:

But somehow 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should,
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever, so rude to the good!

"GLORIOUS PIECE OF LYRICAL WRITING"

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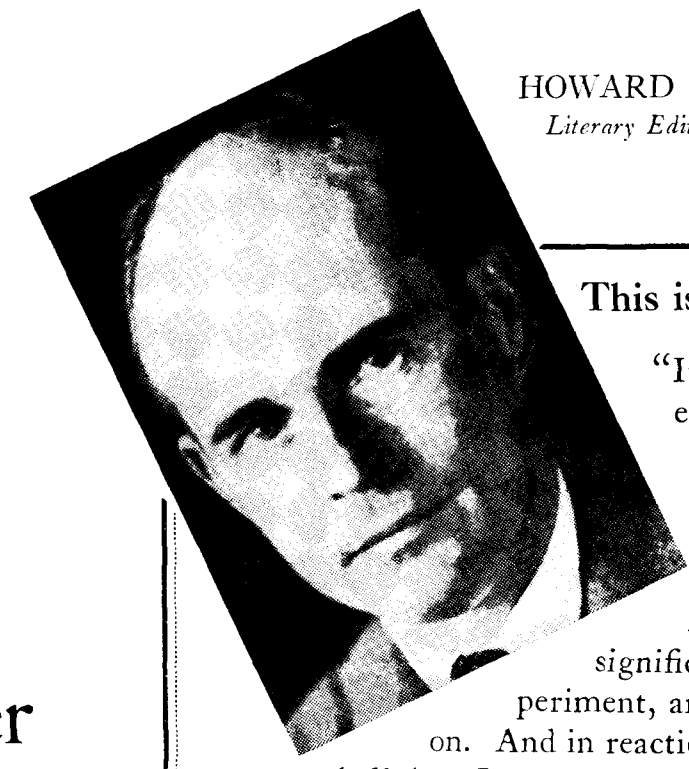
How curiosity got the better of one reader



HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN
Literary Editor, Chicago Daily News

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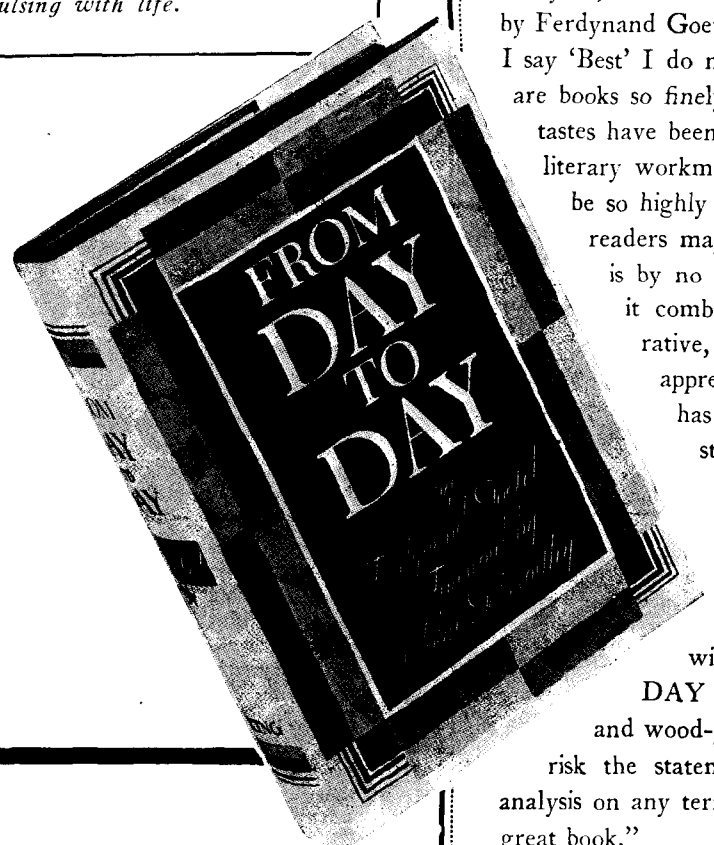
THE STORY OF THE BOOK

FROM DAY TO DAY *tells the story of a novelist and his love for three women. One sees a man striving to reconcile his devotion to his wife and child, his passion for another woman, and the memory of his days with a third woman, his real love. One sees an author in the throes of composition — writing a novel which will bring his past to life, keeping a diary which will preserve his present. The result is a powerful and swiftly moving novel, full of human realities, and as John Galsworthy says "pulsing with life."*



FROM DAY TO DAY

By FERDYNAND GOETEL

WITH A FOREWORD BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Selected by
The Literary Guild

[$2.50]

Published by
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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Certain Islands

SARDINIA, THE ISLAND OF THE NURAGHI. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1931. $4.

CROSSROADS OF THE JAVA SEA. By HENDRIK DE LEEUW. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by LAWTON MACKALL

TO travel is to gather memory images; to communicate them is another matter and one that is hampered as much as helped by vividness of recollection, the traveler being apt to fancy that the picture he sees so clearly with his mind's eye must be a clear picture to the reader as well. What to do, then? Catalogue everything, stating size, shape, color, age, previous condition, and what not? The reader's "Ah!" becomes a yawn. Or apply lush adjectives with a trowel! Whatever the technique, and no matter how chummily we may be invited to "Come Romp through Rumania," the fact remains that few travel writers take us anywhere but to Description Land.

Hence an impulse to ring church bells in honor of Mr. Goldring and his "Sardinia." Here is a traveler who lends us his eyes, performs the miracle of conveying the sense of "being there"; we aren't reading a report; we are experiencing Sardinia personally, keenly. For example (though this is in Corsica, on his way there):

"At the top of the little square I came upon the First Consul in marble. At his feet four amiable lions gushed water into a trough. Farther on, in the big square overlooking the sea, called the Place du Diamant—the hub and center of Ajaccio life—I found the Emperor, in bronze this time and on horseback, arrayed as Julius Cæsar, and attended by four brazen brothers. The whole dreadful business stood upon a massive pedestal of granite, and was calculated to strike the most hardened spectator with a sort of dumb discomfiture."

With an air of casualness he spots the interesting, the locally typical, the revelatory; flashes his pictures instead of grinding them; makes a hint do the work of a paragraph of explanation. And there is variety: villages and costumes of the Barbagian mountains where the bandits used to have their nests; Cagliari, the metropolis of the island, and Macomer boasting the hotel with the other bathtub; village inns (full details); malaria and spy fever; a boar hunt (no boars, but large picnic); Fascist achievements, including a model village named Mussolini; also Fascist fussiness (he hopes that Italy will "expand without exploding"); and, having subtitled his book "The Island of the Nuraghi," he pays a duty visit to one of the 4,000 mystery towers which archeologists are still arguing about.

No such adroit casualness can be imputed to the Dutch-American Mr. de Leeuw, who, raised in Amsterdam in an atmosphere of spice and Coloniana and subsequently pursuing these interests as agricultural engineer in the tropics, writes of the Indies he knows so well. His intention, expounded in a preface reverberant with phrases such as "and so enriching my ethnological and geographical knowledge," is "to give a good picture of the places, their people and customs, together with a liberal meed of personal incidents for the purpose of enlivening material that otherwise might seem too academic or serious." And throughout the book there are intimations that something definite is imminent.

What we actually get is a collection of oddments comparable to a Javanese *rys tafel*, or meal-of-many-side-dishes, of the sort served him when a guest at the palace of the Sultan of Surakarta—with less deleterious after-effects than were caused by his unwittingly partaking of a great striped snake in the Borneo hinterland. Certainly there is much that is out of the ordinary: strange tribes in whose *kampongs* he has been entertained, their *adats* (tradition rules of life and etiquette), their legends, beliefs, dances, ceremonies, costumes (if any), and so on. He tells of Dyak law courts where the opposing lawyers are each provided with a number of puppets as counters in the game; when one side wins a point, the judge indicates this with a nod of his head, and the winning lawyer takes one of his opponent's puppets. Among the semi-Christianized Minahasians of Celebes he found that child marriages (celebrated but not consummated) were popular social occasions, and that courtship, beginning at a later age, was along the lines of New England bundling, but lasted for eight weeks. The Minangkabu tribe of Sumatra he instances as one of the very few people in the world today living under a matriarchate; the women owning all property, all worldly goods and chattels: an admirable system in that it protects any woman or child from being left in want. The only trouble is that the men, losing enthusiasm for laboring in the fields with no chance of ever calling anything their own, have a mean tendency to depart, without warning, for some place where the pay is better. If yet another of Mr. de Leeuw's choice items may be cited—and not even a score of them would convey a notion of what the book offers—let it be that of the native *Stedehouder* of Karang Asem in Bali holding sway in a group of buildings he had named after European capitals. The visitor was received amid the marble and red upholstery of "Amsterdam"; then taken to "Berlin," the conference hall; but not to "London." "London" was the harem.

If Mr. de Leeuw has failed to produce quite the book he intended, he has unquestionably provided a great deal that is unusual and worth-while.

Dictators

DICTATORSHIP ON TRIAL: By Eminent Leaders of Modern Thought. Edited by OTTO FORST DE BATTAGLIA. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

TO all those interested in the problem of dictatorship—and who is not—this volume must have an interest amounting almost to fascination. The advocates of dictatorial government as the coming form of social regulation will find their views capably reasoned and presented. Likewise the critics of dictatorship and those who look upon it as an excrescence due to political disease will find ample support for their conclusions. Sandwiched in between the eulogies and the philippics are several carefully balanced analyses, which will appeal to the mind which hesitates to find the truth in absolutes.

Guglielmo Ferrero opens the discussion with an historical survey of the dictatorship as it was known in ancient Rome. Originally an instrument for the safety of the state, it degenerated into despotism as the later incumbents attempted to retain their powers after the emergency had passed. Such dictatorships are subject, in Ferrero's opinion, to a universal law that what force creates force will destroy.

Georg Mehlis deals with dictatorship in the Middle Ages and in modern times and is inclined to the opinion that the phenomenon is an inevitable and salutary reaction against the absurdities of democracy—"the leveling demands of the many too many." "Dictatorship may be regarded as the positive expression of a strong national will which, in times of trouble, unites the valuable forces of a people, and in times of growth and expansion leads the way to national greatness."

Wickham Steed ascribes the rise of dictatorships to the tendency of mankind to seek the "easiest way out." Thus they are particularly frequent in times of political or social disintegration. Steed, however, is confident of the revival of liberalism. It will come "when the peoples of Europe, or an active minority among them, comprehend once more that in political, economic, social, and intellectual life there is no 'easy way out,' save along the road to slavery."

Paul Loebe, a leader of the German Social Democrats, is even more hopeful, and sees the age of dictatorship already waning and the star of democracy once more in the ascendant. His article was written before the elections of last September. Emile Vandervelde, with Belgian loyalty to the tenets of orthodox Socialism, sees dictatorship as the last despairing effort of the bourgeoisie to prevent the power of the state from passing, as it inevitably must, into the hands of the Socialists. André Maurois contributes a somewhat professorial paper on dictatorship and the problem of the great man. He is better at biography. Ludwig Bernhard, described as "adviser in economics to the moderate German Right Wing," dwells upon the relation between dictatorship and the evolution of economic forces. He sees in the present tendency toward unification and single control in industry the same force which is at work in the political field and therefore expects dictatorships to increase in the near future. But they will be "constitutional" and not "absolute" dictatorships.

Jules Sauerwein examines the dictatorship in relation to foreign policy and concludes that the dictatorial form is "neither favorable nor unfavorable" to a nation's foreign aspirations, but that it is accompanied by a distinct danger that the dictator will embark upon an adventurous policy founded solely upon prestige. A parliamentary system, he thinks, would automatically correct and amend such a policy.

Walter von Molo, in a little masterpiece of German erudition which, like most such masterpieces, is all but incomprehensible, arrives at the comforting conclusion that "the German mind and a dictatorship are mutually exclusive." Amen.

Part III is Dr. Forst de Battaglia's own essay on the nature of dictatorship. After disclaiming any desire to judge it on moral grounds, because he believes dictatorship is a natural social phenomenon and no more subject to moral judgment than a waterfall, he proceeds nonetheless to pronounce a verdict, not of a jury composed of his fellows in the symposium, but of a bench of three judges, of which he himself is obviously a member. He also selects the other two members, one an advocate of dictatorship and the other an opponent. Having thus assured himself that their votes will cancel each other out, he announces his own judgment as that of the court. It is "Not guilty."

Protestant Capitalism

THE PROTESTANT ETHIC AND THE SPIRIT OF CAPITALISM. By MAX WEBER. With a Foreword by R. H. TAWNEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by JEROME DAVIS
Yale Divinity School

MAX WEBER was a distinguished authority in the fields of jurisprudence, political economy, history, comparative religion, and sociology. Indeed, in the last few years of his life he was one of the outstanding leaders in the methodology of the social sciences. He was influential in politics and prominent in the democratic and liberal party of Germany. At the outbreak of the World War he predicted its final outcome and accompanied the German delegation to Versailles.

"The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism" was first published in 1904. It was reprinted in 1920—the year of the author's death—with the addition of the hundred pages of notes now included. In some cases the latter are even more illuminating than the original essay itself. Tawney of England has added a brilliant and thought-provoking Foreword.

In his treatment Weber sets out to discover what were the psychological conditions which made possible capitalistic civilization. By capitalism he means the modern variety, "identical with the pursuit of profit, and forever renewed by profit, by means of continuous rational, capitalistic enterprise."

His argument runs something like this. Once long ago capitalism was diametrically opposed to the then accepted and traditional code of both church and state. At that time the unrestrained desire for gain was both anti-social and immoral. How then did capitalism become respectable and dominant? Protestatism created an environment so favorable to the development of capitalism that its rise was inevitable. Protestant religion taught men the business virtues of sobriety, honesty, and diligence, all indispensable to the business ethic. Weber cites Benjamin Franklin as one example. His "father dinned into him again and again in his youth" the quotation from the Bible, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before Kings" (Prov. XXII, 29).

Luther laid emphasis on diligent labor in one's chosen profession as an expression of the law of love; "that the fulfilment of worldly duties is under all circumstances the only way to live acceptably to God." Calvinism adopted predestination as one of its fundamental tenets, but the individual proved his election to salvation by his life. Success in business was one way of proving one's faith and justified "the active enterprise of bourgeois-capitalistic entrepreneurs." Capitalism thus became the legal tender for Calvinistic theology. Pietism, on the other hand, favored the virtues "of the faithful official, clerk, laborer, or domestic worker, and the predominantly patriarchal employer, with a pious condescension."

Methodism again laid down the doctrine that "one's achievement was the means of knowing one's state of grace." The Baptists were more mystical and rejected all connection with political rulers and their doings. Although politics was taboo, business was not debarred, and soon the strict morality of the Baptists was turned in practice into the way of capitalism.

It can thus be seen that with the aid of religion, capitalism soon had a moral justification. Instead of remaining enemies the two thus became partners. One supplied the spiritual ethics and the other the monetary means of success.

Weber strictly guards himself from the charge that the spirit of capitalism could only have arisen as the result of the Reformation. He makes clear that Protestantism has only been one of the many forces promoting the growth of capitalism. But the most serious question to be raised somewhat jeopardizes Weber's entire thesis. It is conceivable that instead of the religious ethic having paved the way for capitalism, it may itself have been unconsciously moulded into harmony with and by capitalism.

We know that in Russia under the autocracy, religion became the tool and mainstay of the Czar. In Germany it became the handmaiden of the Kaiser. During the World War, the church of every country supported its national government in battle. Does it not seem likely that religious morality, except for a handful of prophets and martyrs, always tends to take on the color of the dominant and respectable majority of a given society?

The Jewish People

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By ABRAM LEON SACHAR. Knopf. 1930. $5.

THE JEWS IN THE CHRISTIAN ERA. By LAURIE MAGNUS. Dutton. 1930. $5.

SACHAR tells the dramatic story of the Jewish race with vivid color and readable style, and tells it with remarkable objectivity and truth. Dubnow's great "History," taking the place for our generation of Grätz and Geiger, is too formidable in its eight volumes for the average reader. He will find the story told with sympathy and full appreciation, but with an unbiased mind and careful attention to critical conclusions, in the present volume. Specially commendable is the closing chapter of Part I on The Rise of Christianity. Sachar shares the viewpoint of Montefiore and other liberal Jews on Jesus as the greatest of Israel's great succession of prophets and martyrs. In spite of his careful use of critical authorities we may question his statement that the Mosaic dietary laws were based on "hygienic" principles, his reference to Gazara as a "port," and his association of Herod Agrippa with the persecution and dispersion of the Hellenistic branch of the church after the martyrdom of Stephen.

Magnus is the author of a Dictionary of European Literature and uses his familiarity with the progress of culture during the Christian Era of service to demonstrate the importance of the Jewish contribution to Christian civilization. His volume bears a relation to the monumental "History of Judaism" of Geo. F. Moore, and the introductions of Husik and others to Medieval Jewish Philosophy, similar to that of Sachar to Dubnow.

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Foreign Literature

Romanesque Architecture

ÉGLISES ROMANES. By JEAN VALLERY-RADOT. Paris: La Renaissance de Livre. 1931.

Reviewed by KINGSLEY PORTER
Harvard University

ALTHOUGH the observation may seem rather banal, it is perhaps not altogether superfluous at the present moment to remark that the importance of a book of archæology is measured neither by its cost nor by the sumptuosity with which it is published. The monograph by Vallery-Radot that lies before me is inexpensively, almost carelessly, manufactured; it abounds in misprints; the illustrations are neither very well selected nor very good, the binding in paper is most ordinary. Yet it is safe to say that the work will leave a deeper imprint on the archæological thought of the future, and will be more desired by thoughtful collectors and librarians, than many of the *de luxe* editions that now overdeluge the market and sell at perhaps a hundred times the cost of this little book.

There has long been need of a general survey of French Romanesque architecture in the light of recent studies, and it is this that Monsieur Vallery-Radot sets himself to achieve.

He begins with a study of the First Romanesque, adopting the term and the results of Puig i Cadafalch. During the eleventh century, this style flourished in Lombardy, in Catalonia, and on the Mediterranean slope of France. Monsieur Vallery-Radot follows Senior Puig in concluding that the manner originated in Lombardy, perhaps specifically at Ravenna, and was introduced thence into Catalonia and Burgundy. He accepts Rivoira's theory (of which we confess to having had moments of doubt) that it was through Guglielmo da Volpiano's construction of Saint-Bénign of Dijon that the style reached France.

In Burgundy, this First Romanesque style was supplanted about the end of the eleventh century by a new manner of building, far more developed and sumptuous. The fashion was set, Monsieur Vallery-Radot shows, by the new abbey church of Cluny erected by Saint Hugh, a building which was begun in 1088 and consecrated for the first time in 1096. Professor Conant had already observed that the church of Semur is a copy of the great abbey church of Cluny, and that so, too, was the priory of Lewes in England; Monsieur Vallery-Radot demonstrates very convincingly that the same is true of Paray-le-Monial, built, as Monsieur Oursel has proved, about 1100, of Saint-Androche of Saulieu, of the cathedrals of Autun and Langres, of Notre-Dame of Beaune and La Charité-sur-Loire. All this constitutes a series of important discoveries, which future students will no doubt carefully note. Monsieur Vallery-Radot is logical in his thinking, acute in his analysis, clear in his exposition. He has hit a big nail squarely on the head, and made a lasting contribution to the history of Romanesque architecture.

A similar course of reasoning would hold with equal cogency for the second group of Burgundian Romanesque monuments he studies, that headed by Vézélay. He has found a significant piece of documentary evidence for the date of Vézélay, one which has been overlooked by all the many historians and students of the monument. It is the epitaph of Renaud de Semur, who left the abbacy of Vézélay in 1128 to become archbishop of Lyon. This epitaph contains the phrase *quondam abbas et reparator monasterii Vezeliacensis. Reparator*, mark you, not *ædificator*. The nave then was restored, not rebuilt, after the fire of 1120. Of this indeed there is explicit documentary proof—the keystone, near the west end of the nave, bearing a sculptured representation of the church of Vézélay and the inscription: *Sum modo fumosa sed post hec speciosa ero.*" "I am now smoked up, but shall afterwards be beautiful." This clearly indicates to us the exact point at which the construction had arrived in 1120, for this keystone must have been carved immediately after the fire. That is to say, the eastern part of the nave was already completed. Moreover, the inscription categorically informs us that the nave was not destroyed by this fire, but merely smoked up.

The least satisfactory chapter of the book is the last, in which the author sets himself to trace the diffusion of architectural types along the pilgrimage roads. Even this bristles with new observations and shrewd deductions. But Monsieur Vallery-Radot has failed to note the fact, surely, however, obvious and written all over the stones of the monument, that Saint-Foy of Conques is not a homogeneous monument all of one period, but that a simpler edifice of the eleventh century was remodelled early in the twelfth century.. Even more serious, he has failed to observe that the Romanesque church of Saint-Martin of Tours, of which we have a drawing, cannot possibly be the building erected at the end of the tenth century. Indeed, the "Pilgrims's Guide" very explicitly informs us that the Romanesque church which the author saw perhaps about 1128 had been built *ad similitudinem Sancti Jacobi*, "in imitation of Saint James of Compostela," therefore not earlier than the end of the eleventh century. That text, indeed, gives a contemporary and irrefutable answer to the question of the origin of this group of churches—the question which Monsieur Vallery-Radot has tried vainly to solve.

On the whole we lay this book down with the feeling that it is one of the best and most stimulating pieces of archæological writing that has fallen into our hands in many a long day.

French Symbolism

L'INFLUENCE DU SYMBOLISME SUR LA POÉSIE AMÉRICAINE DE 1910 À 1920. By RENÉ TAUPIN. Paris: Librairie Champion. 1929.

Reviewed by ALBERT SCHINZ

MUCH has been written already on this subject incidentally, and much comment volunteered, but whoever reads M. Taupin will feel it useless. surely, to enter the field again; the work has been done thoroughly.

What must be said at once is that the "influence"—what can actually be called so—appears rather thin after the author has taken good care to ascertain what may belong to French Symbolism in American poetry and what might just as well belong to other factors; and again to ascertain what belonged directly to French Symbolism and what to English Symbolism; or even to French Symbolism transmitted to America by the medium of English poets.

The general plan of the book was suggested by the very nature of the inquiry, namely, a chronological survey of events. Thus, we have at first an account of the status of poetry before the reaction associated with Symbolism, that is, from 1890 to 1910. When he comes to his actual topic, he shows how the first hint of a renewal of genuine poetical spirit must be traced to the reading of English poets who indulged in abundant imitation of the old medieval "French forms" (*Poèmes à forme fixe*), the ballad, the triolet, the rondel, etc. That led to an interest in general French literature before French Symbolism. Henry James, in his "French Novelists" (1878), may well be considered as having set the ball rolling. Other Americans, who, like James, had taken up their abode in Europe, became acquainted with other phases of French art, and through their reports, the first bits of information regarding French Symbolism reached these shores. Articles on contemporary French prose writers and poets came dripping in; the sporadic articles were followed by little periodicals, on the model of the European publications, by young enthusiasts and iconoclasts, which were always ephemeral.

It is impossible in the space allowed in a review like this to mention all the numerous and conscientious investigations made by the author, and thus to give an adequate idea of how much light he has thrown on a land of confusion. We must content ourselves in saying that all considered, the real borrowing by American poets from the French Symbolists appears to be much more in matters of form than of content. More concretely, questions of rhythm seem to be of paramount interest, or at any rate, this is decidedly the aspect of Symbolism to which M. Taupin directs our attention mostly. One cannot help feeling that "Imagism," which is the "nuance" that Symbolism has assumed first in England and then in America, represents only the portico to real Symbolism as it obtained in France, that there was a soul to symbolistic poetry as well as a technique.

These poets, M. Taupin thinks, have not discovered the promised land. Perhaps some did not particularly wish to find it since, in the eyes of a large public, obscurity has the higher prestige. But the conclusion of Mr. Taupin seems, however, true: "La poésie en Amérique aujourd'hui parle français."

The Pure in Heart

by FRANZ WERFEL

author of *Verdi, a Novel of the Opera; Juarez and Maximilian; Goat Song;* and *Class Reunion*

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. . . *and* AMERICA

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—CARL F. SCHREIBER in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"The Pure in Heart *is not merely a protest against materialism; it goes deeper than that. Like Dostoevsky, it shoots straight at the mark of the sustaining principle of the good life . . . In a sense, Werfel's moral impact is like Gide's or like Arnold Zweig's in* Grischa. *For the people of this generation it is a book worth reading.*"
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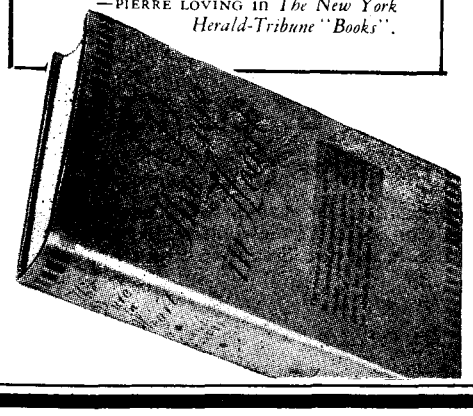
—PIERRE LOVING in *The New York Herald-Tribune "Books".*



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The Pure in Heart—the current selection of The Book League of America—is now on sale at all bookstores. The price is $3.00.

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Points of View

The "Rebel" Prometheus

To the Editor *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The review of Professor Montague's "Belief Unbound," in your issue for April 4, winds up with this magisterial correction of the unfortunate author:

"Prometheus is not a rebel. Dr. Montague has read his Byron more carefully than his Aeschylus."

Of these two short sentences, it is difficult to say which is the more puzzling.

I do not know how carefully Dr. Montague may have read his Aeschylus, or whether he has read him at all. But it is quite certain that Arthur Sidgwick has read his Aeschylus with a great deal of care, and this is what he says of Prometheus in his article on Aeschylus in the Encyclopedia Britannica:

"The hero is both a victim and a rebel. He is punished for his benefits to man; but though Zeus is tyrannous the hero's reckless defiance is shocking to Greek feeling. As the play goes on, this is subtly indicated by the attitude of the chorus. They enter overflowing with pity. They are slowly alienated by the hero's inpiety; but they decline, at the last crisis, the mean advice of Hermes to desert Prometheus; and in the final crash they share his fate."

And in the admirable essay of John Bailey on "Prometheus in Poetry," which I happen to have at my side, I find this remark on the Prometheus of Aeschylus: "The most titanic of poets was the fit creator of the legend of the divine Rebel."

Perhaps your reviewer knows better; still, there can hardly be much disgrace in an ignorance which one shares with the most distinguished scholars and men of letters.

The second sentence is even more curious. Does the reviewer suppose that Dr. Montague is ignorant not only of Aeschylus, but also of Shelley? Does he assume that such familiarity as Dr. Montague does have with the character of Prometheus has been derived from Byron's meagre and unimportant verses on that subject? Or can it be—horrid suspicion!—that the reviewer was laboring under the impression that "Prometheus Unbound" was written by Byron, instead of being Shelley's masterpiece?

However this may be, a review filled from beginning to end, with contempt for an author's alleged ignorance is peculiarly unfortunate in winding up with two such "howlers."

New York.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

De Tocqueville Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am writing a book on the early life and writings of Alexis de Tocqueville (1805-1859), who became one of the most distinguished Frenchmen ever to visit the United States. My chief interest is in his experiences and contacts in this country, which made possible the writing of his famous commentary on American institutions, "Democracy in America"; and I am anxious to find letters and original documents relating to him and to his book.

I am particularly eager to learn of unpublished letters to, from, or about Alexis de Tocqueville and his friend, Gustave de Beaumont, of the years 1831 and 1832, when they were in the United States as Commissioners of the French Government to study American prison reforms. I should also be glad to hear of any of their later letters (1833-1859), or of any diaries which mention Tocqueville or Beaumont.

If the persons who own or know the location of any such documents will communicate with me, at 2522 Yale Station, New Haven, their kindness will be deeply appreciated. All manuscripts loaned to me will be scrupolously cared for and returned by registered mail immediately after examination.

GEORGE WILSON PIERSON.

Missing Fliers

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am at present at work upon a complete record of missing fliers and planes, and would greatly appreciate any information and photographs of such cases during the last quarter century which readers might possess. . . .

HORACE S. MAZET.
(Lieut. Marine Corps. Res.)
Room 1704, 271 Madison Ave.,
New York City.

Adelaide Crapsey

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Miss Mary Elizabeth Osborn, Hood College, Frederick, Maryland, is collecting material for a biography of Adelaide Crapsey. She will be grateful for any information, particularly from those who knew Adelaide Crapsey personally, and she will be especially grateful for copies of Miss Crapsey's letters or her lecture notes. Should any prefer to submit the original letters, Miss Osborn will have them copied and return the originals.

"Hector was a Pup"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of April 18th, in the article "Curiosity" on page 744, I note the use of the expression "Since Hector was a Pup." During my early days, I heard this expression used numberless times by my elders, and accepted it so much as a matter of course, that I never bothered to question from whence it sprang. That generation having more or less passed on, and my curiosity in the meantime having been aroused as to the origin of the expression, I have been trying for years to obtain some information about it. It was with great joy, therefore, that I noted your use of it, as I am confident that I need search no further and that you will enlighten my ignorance.

VIOLET COËN.

Illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff

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Translated by Constance Lily Morris

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

JONATHAN EDWARDS. By HENRY BARNFORD PARKES. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1930. $3.50.

This is an interesting and well-informed biography of the greatest intellectual of the American eighteenth century. The background of New England life of the period is more abundantly presented than in earlier lives of Jonathan Edwards, and the curious antitheses, relationships, and inconsistencies of Edwards's theology are skilfully analyzed. This book is written for general consumption and deserves numerous readers. There was no more interesting man in the colonies than this saint with a will of iron, who carried metaphysics as far as it could go, who almost single-handed put back into Puritan religion the vigor it was losing in the eighteenth century, and by his single effort set an ethical stamp upon the American mind which it still carries. When we think of New England as the source of the American brand of the will to righteousness, it is pioneer New England, Hawthorne's New England, that we have in mind. It should be the mid-eighteenth century New England of Jonathan Edwards. For it was he that gave such a validity to the iron laws of Calvinism that they entered the subconsciousness of America. Edwards is badly known as the preacher of hell-fire sermons. This very readable biography should restore a figure of surpassing sweetness, a partaker of wide adventures of the mind, and a primal force in thinking to be ranked, even though his place was only a colony, with the world's very great men.

Incidentally, the nature of American Puritanism in religion, and its conflicts with revivalism on one side and Anglicism on the other, have been so lucidly explained in no recent book. The account of the religious life of the period in what might be called its technical and professional aspects can be highly recommended, especially to those who may not have read Williston Walker's not easily accessible book. Mr. Parker does not sufficiently emphasize the effect upon the young Edwards of the Episcopalian secession at Yale (which he describes), for it was this secession which, making clear the need of trained defenders for the old beliefs, committed the young man to a career of dialectic and propaganda. But his book in general seems sound and comprehensive, and we shall look with expectation for his study of New England Puritanism which is to follow.

THE NUN OF THE CA FROLLO: The Life and Letters of Henrietta Gardner Macy. By CLEMENTINE BACHELER and JESSIE O. WHITE. New York: William F. Payson. 1931. $5.

A biographical work enriched by many letters of a remarkable woman, pioneer in progressive education through her school at Murano, and closely associated with recent life in Venice.

HARUN AL RASHID. By GABRIEL AUDISIO. New York: McBride. 1931. $3.50.

A brief and readable biography of the great Caliph of Bagdad written for the general reader with a little about his personal life and more about his campaigns.

IOWAY TO IOWA: The Genesis of a Corn and Bible Commonwealth. By IRVING B. RICHMAN. State Historical Society of Iowa. Iowa City. 1931. $4.

An informal historical sketch of Iowa history containing a good deal of first-hand material about minor manners not easily found in more formal histories.

Fiction

HELL AND HALLELUJAH! By NORTON S. PARKER. Dial. 1931. $2.

There is a peculiar charm in this story of the emigration of the Mormons. It is not a subject which seems appealing, at first glance, but the book, if once begun, will be read. Much of the action is based upon historical facts and reveals many interesting phases of pioneer life.

Saul Dunster, a boy of seventeen, has his first contact with the Mormons when Joseph Smith saves the life of his young sister, whom he adores. The boy's gratitude is boundless, as also is that of his widowed mother. The lad is embittered by the unfairness and brutality of his townspeople and persuades his mother to move to the Mormon town of Nauvoo, where he learns the blacksmith's trade. The flame of hostility toward the Mormons is rising steadily, and plans are hurried forward for the move on into the far West. Within the story of this long, hazardous trek and the final arrival of the survivors is interwoven romance, and in spite of the tragedies vividly depicted, it is not a gloomy story, for it ends with high hopes and joyous new beginnings.

STORIES OF THE SOUTH. Edited by C. ADDISON HIBBARD. Norton. 1931. $3.

This is an unusually excellent anthology. The stories are not only well chosen as regards their merit and historical value, but the editor has succeeded in representing all the important districts and aspects of the South. From the fine boasting story of Simms happily recovered from obscurity to the modernistic narratives of Negro and Southern Poor White life today the book keeps up its level of interest and literary value. It could be used as a revelation of the change which has come over the South in the last quarter of a century. Following the stories are two excellent bibliographies. If only anthologies of short stories were always done as well as this one we should welcome them instead of deprecating the number that appear on our shelves.

Juvenile

7 TO 7. By DOROTHY ALDIS. Illustrated by MARGARET FREEMAN. New York: Minton, Balch. 1931. $1.50.

A gaily and charmingly illustrated little A B C book, with the letters of the alphabet introducing jingles recounting simple incidents of a small girl's day. The bright colors and winsome drawings should appeal to small folk.

MORE TO AND AGAIN. By WALTER R. BROOK. Knopf. 1930. $2.

No stories are dearer to the heart of childhood than those concerning the adventures of animals, from the immortal Fables of Æsop down to our own tales of Uncle Remus. In fact they find favor with the older folk as well, as any magazine editor can bear witness. "More to and Again," to quote the rather perplexing title of Walter Brooks's new book is one of the most satisfactory examples of this type of literature that has come our way in many a month. Anyone who is familiar with his earlier story, "To and Again," will need no further recommendation to purchase this one, and those who have not been lucky enough to come across either volume are assured that they can make no mistake in giving them to the most blasé and difficult child, as well as to one whose tastes are simple and unspoiled.

The animals who live on Mr. Bean's farm are an enterprising and intelligent group who decide that they will get out and see the wide world instead of spending all their days in one spot. To this end they organize a travel bureau and have a series of personally conducted tours all over the countryside. These short trips prove so successful that they are encouraged to plan and execute a journey to the North Pole, in the course of which many exciting adventures befall them, as may be imagined. They even reach the palace of Santa Claus himself, who entertains them royally in his wonderful domain, shows them his workshops where thousands of toys are being made, and finally drives them all home in a mammoth sleigh.

The absurd happenings are narrated in the matter of fact style that children love, and the humor is abundant and delightful.

A WILTSHIRE CHILDHOOD. By IDA GANDY. London: Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 1930. 6 s. net.

Mrs. Gandy's story of her own childhood takes us back swiftly and quietly to any English village. Instead of the Downs there may be a heather covered moor, or the slopes of the Cotswolds, what does it matter? It's a quiet place apart. The village idiot is there, hot cross buns on Good Friday, violets in the thick grass under the hedges, the donkey cart, rooks in the elms, sheep-shearing, all the dear familiar things. We can go with Mrs. Gandy to visit Mrs. Gray and each eat so much beef-steak pie and trifle that we are conscious of our bodies. We can learn to jump the ha-ha, or the sunk fence, whichever we learned to call it, take part in picnics, climbing, exploring, village fairs, horse shows, bee-swarmings, and all the ups and downs of country life. In any village

(*Continued on next page*)

The Winning Story in the Scribner's Magazine Long-Story Contest, and four other stories

Many Thousands Gone
by
John Peale Bishop

The scene of this book is the South. The time, Civil War days and just after. Though dealing with different characters and events the five long stories are bound closely together by their stark depiction of the deadly hand of war working on the lives of men and women, soldiers and non-combatants. In these related episodes the last shred of romance is stripped from the Civil War and the realities of the old South interpreted by a master hand.

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Illustrated. $3.00

Light-horse Harry Lee
by Thomas Boyd
author of "Mad Anthony Wayne," etc.

A vigorous, comprehensive, and accurate biography of the dashing cavalry leader of the American Revolution, father of Robert E. Lee and luckless dabbler in shady finance. "No one can lay down his book unmoved."
—*New York Evening Post.*

$3.50

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by Erskine Caldwell

These dramatic tales of life in the fields and towns and villages of New England and the South present to the general public for the first time in book form the work of a young writer who pictures one aspect of the American scene with directness, unfaltering realism, and surprising power. His stories concern love in the springtime, courting, jealousy, a lynching, old age, a death. They are interesting, individual, authentic.

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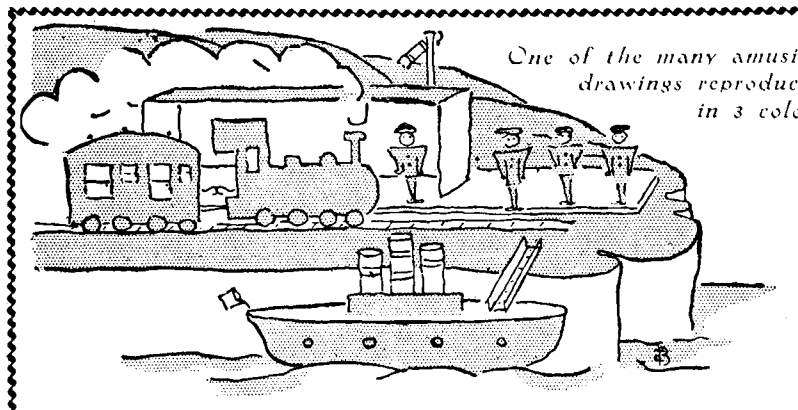

One of the many amusing drawings reproduced in 3 colors

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BY ENID BAGNOLD
Illustrated by the Author and Laurian Jones

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

we can meet the old man of ninety-four, who, because of his age, "be'ant agoin' to answer no questions." Mrs. Gandy makes it all very real, and we can feel how it all lived again for her as she wrote this account of her childhood for other children to read.

Miscellaieous

INVESTMENT. By L. L. B. ANGAS. Macmillan. 1931. $8.

This depression in business and the great bear market of 1929-1930-1931 to date have been the inspiration for many American books, but it remained for a Briton to write the first market treatise in this period that is both scholarly and practical.

In "Investment" L. L. B. Angas outlines the technique of trading in shares for profit, and methods for forecasting security movements. He discusses various short and long run factors influencing security prices, and finally lays down a series of clear-cut rules which it will normally pay to follow.

For it is not through a "flair" for the market but through scientific methods of analysis that the money is made in the end.

Unfortunately for Wall Street the book was written in London, but its intelligent presentation of the principles of investment make it refreshing to any market student that has had his fill of our own superficial publications on the subject.

QUAKERISM IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. New York: Joint Committee on Records of the Religious Society of Friends, 7 East 42nd Street. $2.50.

A study of the "concerns of the New York meeting on account of the changed attitude through the years of Quakers in New York as to slavery, dress, and other social and moral problems.

MODERN INTERIORS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. With 292 illustrations by HERBERT HOFFMAN. New York: William E. Rudge. 1931. $12.

This is a very important and extremely interesting collection of admirable photographs of modern interiors exhibiting the whole range of the modern movement as applied to interior decoration and architecture. It is an indispensable book for all interested in the new art of decoration.

THE BOBWHITE QUAIL: Its Habits, Preservation, and Increase. By HERBERT L. STODDARD. New York: Scribner's. 1931. $6.

Mr. Stoddard of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States has prepared this very comprehensive survey of the American quail, the most thorough-going book of its kind ever to appear. All aspects of the life and preservation of the quail are taken up on the basis of scientific investigation, and the book is elaborately illustrated in color as well as by photographs and charts. This, of course, is a standard book and should go into general libraries and the private libraries of sportsmen and nature lovers.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. By GEORGE W. FULLER. New York: Knopf. 1931. $5.

This volume in the American Scene series is a general history of the Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon region which takes up not merely exploration, settlement, and the Indian wars, but also social and economic developments. It is illustrated, accompanied by maps, and annotated. A useful book for reference and reading.

THE X Y Z OF COMMUNISM. By ETHAN T. COLTON. New York: Macmillan. 1931. $3.

Mr. Colton has lived and worked in Russia for long periods during and since the war; and "has tried in this book to set down without prejudice some of the outstanding events and results of thirteen years of the Soviet experiment."

TAMING THE CRIMINAL: Adventures in Penology. By JOHN L. GILLIN. New York: Macmillan. $3.50.

A study by an expert of penal institutions in many countries, including England, Belgium, Switzerland, India, Ceylon, and Japan. This should be a book of some importance for all interested in prison control since the comparative method of study is valuable. The book is enriched with statistics and a bibliography.

MARRIED LOVE: A New Contribution to the Solution of Sex Difficulties. By MARIE C. STOPES. New York: Eugenics Publishing Co. 1931. $3.

This book on sex adjustments in marriage was recently passed for publication, with sensible comments on the unwisdom of excluding books intended to promote the success of matrimony, by Judge Woolsey of the Federal Court. It is based on sound scientific knowledge and written simply and frankly for those seeking necessary information. If it has a fault it is a certain suffusion of sentiment not appropriate in a book of this type.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES. New York: Reprinted by PETER SMITH. 1929. $2.50.

The importance of conserving our American folk-music, vanishing with the vanishing "folk," justifies the republication of this collection quite aside from the present vogue for Negro music. Melodians and compulsory education have brought about the popularity of the Gospel hymn-book among the Negroes to such an extent that the old spiritual is rapidly slipping into the limbo of lost things. As an illustration of this, the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals at Charleston has been gathering this music for about ten years, both on the plantations and down-on-the-salt, yet none of the one hundred and thirty-six songs in this book appears in the Society's collection, though the latter contains a number from St. Helena's Island from which they chiefly come; and this reviewer, having recently had an opportunity to question some of the Negroes in that neighborhood, found they knew few of them, if any.

The value of such a salvage as "Slave Songs of the United States" is, therefore, apparent. How much of this music must have already been lost when we have one of the editors of the volume remarking in 1866 that "the Negroes are deliberately forgetting the old spirituals and singing white camp-meeting hymns. Such," he says, "is the sense of dignity that has come with freedom. . . ."

In 1861 the Freedman's Commission went to the Port Royal Islands in South Carolina to establish Negro schools. While there, three of the teachers, Lucy McKim Garrison, William Francis Allen, and Charles Pickard Ware, made a collection of spirituals, both words and music, which, with a few spirituals and secular songs from other localities, make up this volume. It was published about 1867 and is now fortunately reprinted. The editors brought to their task intelligence and accuracy. The foreword is an admirable discourse on the spiritual, full of interest to anyone desirous of learning about this highly individual form of art. It tells us, among other things, that probably the first spirituals to be published were done by Miss McKim of Philadelphia about 1862; and, further, that almost no spirituals are of "an intrinsically barbaric character" but are based on white forms. These forms are so stamped, however, with the individuality of the Negro that the spiritual may be considered original music. There is an excellent description of the way the Negroes get their tonal effects, with a parenthetical admission that few, if any, Whites can imitate them exactly, and that a notation of the slides, turns, and intervals can only be approximated. The editors have wisely made no attempt to write accompaniments but have confined themselves to a simple notation of the melody with as many as possible of the variations usual with a partially extemporaneous art. There is a good account of "shouting"—the rhythmic gestures that accompany the singing of the South Carolina and Georgia Negroes, which the writers conjecture very plausibly to be a survival of the religious dance; and several delightful pages are devoted to that species of "phonetic decay" known to South Carolinians as Gullah.

LET'S GO FISHING. By *Charles Reitell*. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS IN MEN AND WOMEN. By *Karl M. Bowman*. Greenberg. $3.50.

MRS. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S COOK-BOOK. Scribners. $3.50.

HOMES AND GARDENS IN OLD VIRGINIA. Edited by *Susanne Williams Massie* and *Frances Archer Christian*. Richmond: Garrett & Massie. $5.

MODERN SEXUAL MORALITY AND MODERN NERVOUSNESS. By *Sigmund Freud*. Eugenics Publishing Co.

YOUR DOG. By *Natalie Willits Lewis*. Putnam. $5.

THE CONCENTRIC METHOD IN THE DIAGNOSIS OF PSYCHONEUROTICS. By *M. Laignel-Lavastine*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

APHORISMS. By *F. H. Bradley*. Oxford University Press.

ESSENTIALS. By *Jean Toomer*. Chicago: H. Dupee, 1447 North Dearborn St. $3.

TAXONOMY OF THE FLOWERING PLANTS. By *Arthur Monrad Johnson*. Century. $7.50.

ENCHANTED DUST. By *Elizabeth Drake*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

HERE ARE DOGS. Selected by *Ollie Depew*. Century. $2.50.

TRANSLATION, AN ELIZABETHAN ART. By *F. O. Matthiessen*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE JEW HAS COME HOME. By *Albert Londres*. Richard R. Smith. $2.

IMMORTALITY. Quarterly Journal—Science, Religion, Philosophy. Los Angeles: Science, Religion, Philosophy Publishing Co.

CITIZENSHIP IN NATIONS. By *George Turner Marsh* and *Harry W. Wyckoff*. San Fransicso: Robertson.

Science

NEW DISCOVERIES RELATING TO THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By SIR ARTHUR KEITH. Norton. 1931. $5.

Sir Arthur's first volume on "The Antiquity of Man," appeared in 1915. A new edition of this work, much enlarged (2 vols.) was published in 1925. His present volume is completely new, retaining, however, that highly attractive method of presentation so characteristic of his past work. In his new work Sir Arthur stresses especially the value of the latest discoveries in Africa: the high type of fossil anthropoid, *Australopithecus*, found by Professor Raymond Dart; the Boskop man; and the Oldoway man. In 1915, Sir Arthur rejected the Oldoway remains on the ground that he did not believe them to be of the Pleistocene Age; he is now convinced that Reck was right in referring them to the Pleistocene. Mr. Leakey's latest discoveries of Paleolithic man in East Africa completely confirm Reck's view as to the age of the Oldoway man.

In recent years Palestine has also yielded its quota of prehistoric relics. Part of a skull of Neanderthal man was found in a cave near Tabga on the sea of Galilee in 1925, by a young British prehistorian, Turville Petre. Another young British prehistorian, Miss Dorothy Garrod, representing the British School of Archæology at Jerusalem, is conducting excavations near Haifa jointly for the British School and the American School of Prehistoric Research.

One of the most significant of all recent discoveries is that of the Peking man, christened *Sinanthropus pekinensis* by Dr. Davidson Black. Thanks to intelligent supervision of the industrial exploitations of limestone deposits at Chou Kou Tien near Peking, China, the science of prehistory has been enriched by portions of several human skeletons dating back to early Pleistocene times. The Peking man represents one of the most ancient and primitive types of man. It is only slightly less primitive than *Pithecanthropus* and is at least as old in point of time. The discoveries at Chou Kou Tien afford an example of the benefits derived from scientific and industrial coöperation. It has also meant international coöperation, for a Chinese, a Swede, and a Canadian each had a share in reaping results of stupendous significance. That American prehistorians are determined to follow the example set at Chou Kou Tien, is seen in the action taken in Chicago by a recent conference on the discovery and preservation of Pleistocene man in America, held under the auspices of the National Research Council.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH EDWIN BOOTH

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

R. P. R., Davenport, Iowa, is preparing a talk on the story of the Cid; he is familiar with the modern history of Spanish literature, with Corneille's play, and with the history of the Cid as given in various books of history or legend, but asks if a more recent study of this hero conqueror has appeared within the past few years. "The Tale of the Warrior Lord," by Merriam Sherwood (Longmans), is the latest important contribution to the literature of the Cid; though it is called a book for younger readers and will be enjoyed by them, it is a fine example of the disposition on the part of scholars now to put some of the results of their research before young people directly, without letting it sift through repeated retelling. This beautifully illustrated work is a translation of "El Cantar de Mio Cid," finished in 1307, and telling the hero's later life and troubles with his relations by marriage. They recall the pensive utterance of a lady I once knew: "Things-in-law should all be hung." When I reminded her that she must herself be one, if she had one, she still contended that the principle was sound. "The Poem of the Cid," translated by A. M. Huntington, is one of the series of Notes and Monographs of the Hispanic Society; "El Cid Campeador," translated by R. S. Rose and Leonard Bacon, is published by the University of California, and though "The Cid Campeador and the Waning of the Crescent," in the Heroes of the Nations series (Putnam), is by no means new, it remains an inspiring biographical study.

E. W. T., Port Alice, British Columbia, asks for books on weaving, and information as to the purchase of a loom. She has been inspired to this by Anna Nott Shook's "Book of Weaving." A cheaper edition of A. N. Shook's excellent "Book of Weaving," a Batsford book published in this country by John Day, has lately been issued at three dollars. There is the sumptuous big volume, "The Shuttlecraft Book of American Handweaving," by M. M. Atwater (Macmillan), which covers the subject in detail with many fine pictures; there is Hooper's "Handloom Weaving" (Pitman) and two inexpensive little books, Hooper's "Weaving for Beginners" (Pitman) and "Handicraft Art of Weaving," by T. Woodhouse (Oxford). I asked Miss Ida Tarbell for advice about looms, that being one of the many subjects on which she is at home; she says that one who knows all about it is Edith Snow, head of The Snow Looms, 48 East 49th Street, New York, as "few women that I know have gotten so down to the bottom of her art."

A. B., St. Paul, Minn., has lost track of the titles of some dozen books, not a series, that she used to love when she was twelve, by Lucy Ellen Guernsey—at least that is the way she remembers the name, though no one seems now to know a writer with a name at all like it. They were concerned with the persecutions of Protestants in France and England, but she says they were not bigoted. A long list of stories by Lucy Ellen Guernsey (1826-1899) is still published by the American Sunday-school Union, 1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. She was joint author with her sister, Clara Florida Guernsey, of a number of others. *A. C. W., Springfield, Mass.,* says now that the novels of Tennyson Jesse have come up for consideration in the Guide, it is time to ask if an earlier one, "'Secret Bread,' is quite forgotten? I have read it twice and was more pleased the second time; the opening sentence, 'Gabriel Ruan lay waiting for his marriage and his death' sounds melodramatic (I quote from memory after several years), but the whole book is filled with obscure customs and traditions in a remote part of England, such as I can compare only with Mary Webb's 'Precious Bane.' The crying of the wheat is something I have never seen mentioned elsewhere. The title refers to the secret nourishment of a man's soul." "Secret Bread" is by no means forgotten by me, even though the popularity of the book with people who have the run of my library has resulted in the disappearance of the volume, so that I cannot offhand verify the sentence quoted; it is a noble novel. *H. S. S., Swarthmore, Pa.,* reminds me that I called Younghill Kang's "The Grass Roof" (Scribner) the work of a Chinese gentleman, when there was the book right under my eye, written by a Korean. These things sometimes happen, the little gray cells being what they are. *F. M. K., Western Springs, Ill.,* asks for the title of American plays from 1850 to 1870, to be performed in revivals, and for the name of a book of such dramas classified by date. Arthur Quinn's "Representative American Plays" (Century), a collection which goes from 1767 to 1923, includes "Fashion," a perennial bloomer that first unfolded at about this desired period. Professor Quinn's "History of the American Drama" (Harper), which runs from Colonial times to the Civil War, has carefully prepared lists of plays. Another collection in chronological order is Montrose Moses's "Representative Plays by American Dramatists" (Dutton), in three large volumes, giving plays popular in their time. *A. S., Brooklyn, asks what plays have been written by Americans in which Jews take principal or important parts.* "The Jew in Drama," by Myer Jack Landa (Morrow), covers not only this branch of the subject, but the subject in all its aspects from earliest times almost to the present day. It is concerned with the London stage but includes us; since its appearance, "The Age of Innocence," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Street Scene," "Processional," "Mendel, Inc.," and "Joseph," by Bertram Bloch, have been presented on Broadway. "The Matriarch," and "Jud Suess" have been lately given here, but are by English playwrights. A scholarly contribution to ethnology lately published by the Dial Press may be mentioned since we are on the subject: "Hebrewisms of West Africa: from Nile to Niger with the Jews," by Joseph J. Williams, S.J., a discussion of the controversial question of Hebrew influence among West African tribes with a wealth of experience and research.

M. E. H., San Diego, Cal., says that a progressive school's fifth grade is looking for a collection of colored maps showing the early known world, with monsters, fears, and dark beyonds. What they have found is very expensive; is there a book nearer their means? Such books are bound to be expensive, considering the cost of these delicate reproductions; indeed, I know of but one that is really cheap, the tiny "Old Maps and Their Makers," published by Holman's Print Shop, Boston. Its second edition has run out, but they think they could probably dig one up somewhere; the maps are necessarily small, but they are clear. If one has twenty-five dollars to spend on a large, exquisitely printed book of old maps, one may choose between two that are otherwise easy to get: "Old Decorative Maps and Charts," by Arthur L. Humphrey (Minton), most of which are beautifully colored; these come from all over the world and even include sky charts, where the monsters are colored constellations of the utmost elegance. "A Book of Old Maps," compiled by Emerson D. Fite and Archibald Freeman (Harvard University Press), shows American history from the earliest days to the close of the Revolutionary War; these are not in color, but they are perfectly reproduced and their historic interest is of the highest.

K. F., Chicago Heights, Ill., says: "In regard to your client mentioned in the issue of April 11th, who requested some sort of an authentic diary to give her little girl, may I suggest the 'Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands' by Queen Victoria? It is a charming and naive account of Her Majesty's sojourn in Scotland between the years 1848-61. The edition I have found available in public libraries is the one edited by Arthur Helps and published by Harpers, New York, 1868. In the search for making reprints of interesting material, I would consider this book one possibility.

A. B. W., West Roxbury, Mass., asks for detailed accounts of Meigh pottery, of which very little is said in most of the china books.

IT is described in "The Blue China Book," by A. W. Camehl (Dutton); in Arthur Hayden's "Chats on English Earthenware" (Stokes), in H. Hudson Moore's "Old China Book" (Stokes), and in Mrs. Hodgson's "Old English China" (Bell), as well as in the English publications "Staffordshire Pots and Potters," by G. W. and F. A. Rhead (Hutchinson), and Shaw's "History of the Staffordshire Potteries" (Hanley). I am indebted to the Art Division of the New York Public Library for this expert advice.

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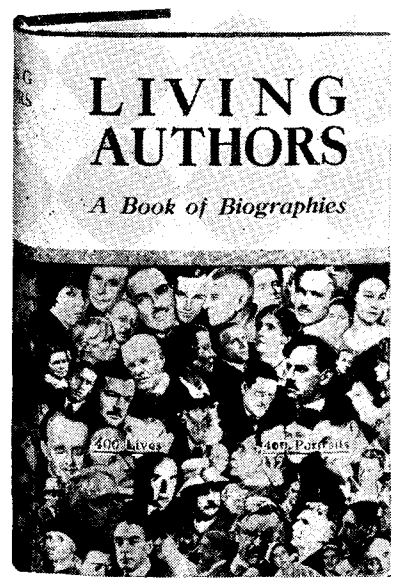

A high unconsortable one... born in Dublin in 1882 . . . wrote a pamphlet on Parnell at nine . . . studies medicine and singing in Paris . . . married a girl from Galway . . . tutored in Trieste . . . mastered 18 languages . . . conducted a motion picture theatre . . . now lives in Paris . . . has two children . . . suffers from recurrent blindness . . . wears large rings . . . carries an ash walking stick . . . his little beard conceals a scar inflicted by a mad dog . . . the sale of his masterpiece is forbidden in this country. . . .

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PAGE MR. RIPLEY: Total Essandess sales for March, 1931, were 27.1 per cent ahead of March, 1930, a month in which a whole squadron of best-sellers like *The Art of Thinking*, *Believe It or Not*, *Twelve Against The Gods* and *Wolf Solent* were still Going Strong. . . . April, 1931, was 60.2 per cent ahead of April, 1930, chiefly because *Men of Art* jumped to the forefront of best-seller lists in a most spectacular way. . . . *These statistics are supplied not by our optimistic salesmen, but by our Scotch auditors.*

Despite the price increase from $3.00 to $3.75*, *Men of Art* sold 477 copies last week as against 485 copies the week before. . . . *The Pure In Heart* is receiving A plus reviews, *The New York Times* supplying the perfect headline and the perfect tribute: "FRANZ WERFEL *in the boots of* DOSTOEVSKY. . . . *In his new novel he explores the dilemma of a 'spiritual man in a non-spiritual universe'* ". . . . *Hard Lines* is staging a sharp rally on the sales chart, with new readers going NASH-IST at the rate of 1875 a month. . . .

Here it is only May, and, Believe It or Not, the Fall Catalogue is actually started! . . . Expect great things, including: New novels by JOHN COWPER POWYS, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, J. P. McEVOY, ALICE DUER MILLER, and several surprising discoveries . . . a biography of GEORGE BERNARD SHAW by Frank Harris . . . a magnum opus by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON . . . more to follow . . .

MORE RIPLEYANA: The glory of the Long Island countryside is in inverse ratio to the size of this weekly column.

ESSANDESS.

*NOTE: *Men of Art was originally scheduled as a $6.00 book and was, and is, worth it. Its selection as the April Book-of-the-Month made the initial $3.00 price imperative for the first edition.*

THE PHOENIX NEST

IN a foreword to his latest book, "Blood on the Moon" (Coward-McCann), *Jim Tully* tells us that it is the last of five volumes which he began six years ago and hoped would be grouped in future as "The Underworld Edition." He explains that he was never in the strict sense a "hobo," but what is known as a "road-kid." In the realm of the prize-ring, *Jack Dempsey* was another such; *Josiah Flynt* one among the writers. Tully is extremely frank about his forebears:

> I came on both sides from drunken barbarians who groveled in superstition and were as illiterate as geese. All the vast realms of knowledge and beauty were closed to me. Nearly all my mother's brothers were half mad. Most of my father's people were witty Irish morons.

Tully's grandfather, however, remains a beloved character to him, "a sad old man with a broken dream in his head and a fear of death in his heart." This book is dedicated to "Old Hughie Tully." It is, again, composed of certain episodes in Jim Tully's actual life, though he has changed names and situations about. He says, as to the classification of his book, as to his being a novelist:

> If I have not been able to invent a new medium in my picaresque books, I have at least been strong enough not to conform to one that is outworn.

Tully is the genuine article. His development of his own gifts is, in a way, even more remarkable than *Jack London's*, though he will never rank with London as a writer of fiction—he is not in the same category. . . .

A. A. Milne will be just about handing his new novel to his publishers, E. P. Dutton & Company, by the time this is printed. His tentative title for it is "Convulvulus," and his plot is simply the story of how one man and one woman "manage to live together in a happy married life today." What with Reno now in full blast for the quantity production of divorce, the story will be rather timely. . . .

Lady Rhondda is quoted as saying in a recent issue of London *Time and Tide:*

> Oddly enough, one of the bits of abuse that seem to have hurt the Americans most is a book written not in deliberate malice but in all good faith, *George Duhamel's* "Scènes de la Vie Future." What I do not understand is why this provocative and entertaining book of his has not yet found an English translator.

But it has. Houghton Mifflin have already brought it out in translation under the title of "America the Menace." . . .

An up-to-the-minute title is that of a recent novel from Covici-Friede, "Speakeasy Girl," by *Bobbie Meredith.* It introduces a new type of American womanhood that came into being with the advent of the speakeasy. . . .

In May the house of Stokes reached its fiftieth anniversary. They have an accumulated list of books still in print that numbers over a thousand volumes, more than three hundred and fifty of which are children's books. Among noted authors they have developed are *Sir Anthony Hope*, *Sir Walter Besant*, *W. W. Jaocbs*, *Alfred Henry Lewis*, *Stephen Crane*, *Susan Glaspell*, *Edna Ferber*, *Honoré Willsie Morrow*, and *Louis Bromfield.* . . .

In the week that *King Alphonso* was deposed, Lippincott published *Henry Albert Phillips's* "Meet the Spaniards," which contained the following prophecy:

> Some day, alas, coming ever nearer—Spain will overturn her monarchy and probably become a republic. Chiefly because she—nor any other monarchy, it would seem—is not able much longer to stem the tidal wave of iconoclastic republicanism that is sweeping the political world clean of kings and their counselors. Alas, temperamental Spain has unhappier days in store for her.

As for us, we cannot exactly take this pessimistic view of the present situation. . . .

Delos W. Lovelace, who has recently come into prominence as the biographer of *Knut Rockne* (Putnam) is assistant editor of the New York *Sun* and husband of *Maud Hart Lovelace*, the novelist. . . .

Nancy Hoyt recently sailed for Europe to spend the summer. Doubleday, Doran are just bringing out her novel of smart young New Yorkers, entitled "Cupboard Love," which has been running serially in *Harper's Bazaar.* . . .

The tenth production of the Players, "The Way of the World," will be presented on June first at the Guild Theatre and continue throughout that week. The ladies and gentlemen of the cast will rehearse for three weeks and play for one week without compensation. The play is, of course, by *Congreve*, dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century. "The Way of the World" is literature, and the performance of it is sure to be most interesting. . . .

George Seldes, recent author of "Can Such Things Be" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), took to wife on May 2nd at Toulon, France, *Dunsilla Ladine Young de Martino.* She is a Countess who has led an exciting life. She was born in Moddy, Texas, married a Spanish count, was at one time a prisoner in a harem in Morocco, has starred in Russian movies, and was a member of the cast of "Street Singer" in New York. . . .

Helen B. Josephy and *Mary Margaret McBride*, in their new book, "New York Is Everybody's Town" (Putnam), tell a good pent-house story:

> The pent house, by the way, which is a complete little house on the tiptop of a building, has become a symbol of New York sophistication all over the world. The initiated feel as though life would certainly be more adventurous, more alluring in such an environment. Still there was the Ohio mother we know who upon hearing that her daughter was about to attend a pent-house party, wrote:
>
> "What is a pent house, dear? You know you can tell Mother anything!"

Recently we attended a pre-view of the *Rismont*, a tea-room-restaurant built into a corner of the new modernistic 1410 Broadway building, and designed by *John Vassos*, the remarkable artist whose books have been published by Dutton. He has done the place in two shades of gray, with a pleasing note of red in the seats of the chairs along the soda-bar. The only trouble with the chairs seemed to us to be that the seats were triangular, for the most part, and indeed one lady who had only had one cocktail, suddenly fell from hers with a loud thump, through no fault of her own. . . .

An old rumor that the real name of *Erich Maria Remarque* is "Kramer" has been bobbing up again. The author himself says that this is "a fairy-tale invented by some German militarists and disseminated in the press. My name is Remarque; that has been the name of my family for hundreds of years." . . .

Katherine Beswick of this city writes us to say that *Miss Clarke* of England lapsed badly recently, in the May 2nd issue of *The Saturday Review*, on page 791, at the top of column 3, when she referred to something she thought the White Rabbit had said to Alice. "Should even a reviewer from the University of London," says Miss Beswick, "be permitted to misquote Lewis Carroll?" Alas, Miss Beswick's point is only too well taken. The actual conversation in "Through the Looking-Glass" reads as follows:

> "The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean different things."
>
> "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

We are in receipt of the first issue of the only literary magazine to be published in Trinidad, British West Indies. It is called *The Beacon*, and its North American agent is *Nathan Schneider*, a relative of *Isidor Scheider*, the poet and novelist. Those interested in the West Indies should note that *The Beacon* is published monthly at 21 Belmont Circular Road, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and that the North American agent's address is 1423 40th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., telephone Ambassador 2-3677.

F. J. Wilstach, compiler of "Wilstach's Dictionary of Similes," who collects all the wise cracks of the year, has presented the New York Public Library with the only known set of the late *Ambrose Bierce's* "Prattle," which he conducted for years in the *San Francisco Examiner.* . . .

And so.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

You have never met this man

ALONE among the great names in American literature, James Fenimore Cooper has remained for nearly a century only a name. The man himself has been lost in mists of controversy and guesswork, while the real Cooper lay embalmed in the family papers, letters and notes carefully guarded from outside eyes by his descendants. . . . Henry Walcott Boynton has had free access to all the intimate Cooper documents in writing this book. He has drawn a full-length portrait of a notable American, revealing for the first time a personality rich in human values, foibles, enthusiasms and prejudices. It is a masterly study, fascinatingly written; a vivid picture of America and Europe a century ago. "Mr. Boynton has now resurrected the great story-teller and made him a living and sympathetic character."—R. L. Duffus, in the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW. Illus. $5.00

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Collecting Autographs

AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION AND MAKING OF IT. By Lady Charnwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $5.

IN its inception, autograph collecting is one of the simplest forms of amusement: some one with a passion for keeping letters suddenly finds in his possession an early note from a man or woman who has later become mildly famous, and with that discovery as a corner-stone, proceeds to look around for more pieces of the same kind to go with it. Books require an initial interest in a particular author or period: autographs—that is, autograph letters—demand only chance rescue from a waste-paper basket. Everyone is hopelessly exposed in his correspondence: if he sounds stilted, he is probably self-conscious; if he is natural and unaffected he tells posterity much more than it ought to know about his private affairs. Biographers, week after week, fill the correspondence columns of the *London Times Literary Supplement* with gentle and persistent requests for letters from the persons they wish to study: they promise to copy all such material faithfully, and to return the originals unharmed to the owners who, as a rule, have no idea what psychological peculiarities may be revealed to the world through their too-great generosity. Christina Rossetti seldom wrote more than brief notes of two or three pages, yet whether she was sending a stranger five shillings, or suggesting to Sir Edmund Gosse that he had overpaid her for an essay she had written for him, she invariably succeeded in showing the beauty and simplicity of her character. Jane Austen's letters are like her own novels, detailed and matter-of-fact: Henry James's are intricate and incomprehensible. There is an intensely personal aspect about the collecting of such material, that is rather lacking in the gathering together of books: letters are so much unedited, unrevised expressions of individuality that they serve admirably as self-portraits.

Lady Charnwood has undertaken with considerable courage the labor of composing a book about her collection of letters: as she emphasizes on almost every page of her earlier chapters the inexpensiveness of her purchases, it seems safe to believe that she wishes to encourage others—not Americans, however—to follow her example. "I know that the record is a wandering one," she writes in her introduction, "for it is by a rambling road that I have journeyed. I write entirely as an amateur. I possess no technical knowledge. I have not got a great collection. I have never given much time or study or money to my hobby. But I have found it eminently worth while." So long as she describes her possessions, or quotes the letters she has, her book is most delightful: she has had the good fortune to come upon unusually interesting things, such as Charlotte Brontë's notes about her sister Emily's last illness, and a long letter from Shelley to Leigh Hunt, written in September, 1819, from Livorno, and she makes the most of them. If she could have kept herself more in the background, and not have written so consistently as a kind of showman, her work would have gained immensely in effectiveness: at present, her readers never for an instant lose consciousness of her guiding hand, and her connection with people of importance. She dislikes American collectors because of their tendency to pay any price for whatever they want, but as the natives of England always profit by such exhibitions of natural extravagance, there is really no reason for so great an undercurrent of bitterness and complaint. As the record of a collection assembled with care and discrimination her book, in spite of its faults, is interesting: she has tried to do a most difficult thing, and her qualified success is not surprising.

G. M. T.

The R. R. Bowker Company has announced that a new, revised edition of the "List of Private Book-Collectors in the United States and Canada" is to be issued next October. This book is printed chiefly for the benefit of rare-book dealers, and for publishers of special and limited editions—collectors are asked to give the size of their libraries, and the special subjects in which they are interested, in order that there may be some indication of the kind of announcements and catalogues they prefer to receive. There is no fee for listing any one's name. A request sent to the Bowker Company at 62 West 45th Street, New York City, for further information will undoubtedly be treated courteously.

G. M. T.

FOR PUBLICATION. By the Scholartis Press: A Martial Medley—articles (hitherto unpublished) about the War; A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, by Francis Grose; Dramatic Works of William Burnaby; and three novels.

BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF THE BREMER PRESS: Pensées, by Blaise Pascal; Ballads and Songs of Love, ed. by Josef Hofmiller, Walther von der Vogelweide, Gedichte, ed. by Carl von Kraus.

BY THE JOHN CALHOUN CLUB: The Beginnings of Printing in Utah, by Douglas C. McMurtrie.

It has recently been announced that among the books sold last year by York Minster to Dr. Rosenbach were the following printed by William Caxton: "The Charle and Birde," and "The Hors, the Shepe, and the Ghoos," both by John Lydgate, and both second editions, dated 1479; "Booke of the Fayte of Armes and of Chyvalrye," by Christine, of Pisa, dated 1489; a 1481 edition of Cicero's "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia," and a seven-leaved fragment of the above of the same date.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1931.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART.
(Signature of Publisher.)

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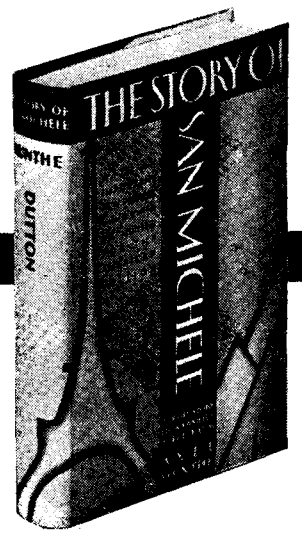

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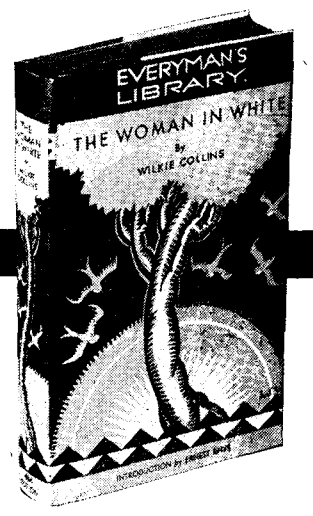

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